JOHN BULL, week ending April 25, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1974

3D EVERY THURSDAY

WHY SNUB THE WOMEN?
By The EDITOR

OVER £300 'BULLETS' PRIZES

BE JUST -BUT FIRM
By A.G.G.

Embarkation leave

Sheila carries daddy's gas-mask,
Peter carries daddy's gun.
Mother's chattering on and laughing
As if parting were just fun.

She's put apples in his pocket,
He's got photos in his book,
When he isn't busy fighting,
He'll have time to have a look.

Dad is going to fight for England,
For a world where men are free,
Better times for all but—mostly
He'll be fighting for these three.

SALUTE THE SOLDIER

The soldier is giving up all he holds most dear. What can we do to show our gratitude? We can salute the soldier by saving. SALUTE THE SOLDIER.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

You've earned your Guinness—
it'll do you good

G.E.1191.A

Stamina Scores

The restless energy of childhood's carefree years needs to be restored by good, nourishing food. Made from the whole of the wheat, Weetabix is rich in those properties which build bone and muscle . . . and promote verve and alertness. But Weetabix is not only "first favourite" with children! It's the perfect all-the-family food whose delicious, nutty flavour tempts all appetites. You can enjoy Weetabix at any meal . . . on its own, or with milk, butter, cheese . . . and in other enticing ways. Serve *regularly*.

Zoned — like all cereals—but perhaps YOU live in a Weetabix area.

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

WX43A SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½D LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/1D

Gorgeous - Adorable You!

You are glamorous—you are irresistible—you have captured that lasting loveliness which only *Poudre Tokalon* can give, the fascinating face powder made with the exclusive "mousse of cream" formula.

Stays on all day. Full range of glamorous shades.

POUDRE **Tokalon**

FOOD FACTS

TO EVERY MOTHER WHOSE CHILD HAS A GREEN RATION BOOK

WHY even healthy children need cod liver oil and orange juice *every day*

Every child young enough to have a green ration book — no matter how well he is — should still have cod liver oil and orange juice *every day*, if he is to have *continued* health in later years.

For firm, strong bones and resistance to colds

Cod liver oil, containing Vitamin A and Vitamin D, develops a child's resistance to infections (especially colds and "chesty" complaints).

It also helps the body to build calcium, which is needed for strong, sturdy bones and the prevention of rickets.

For all-round health

Orange juice, containing Vitamin C, is needed for the child's general health.

Such troubles as peevishness, tiredness, lack of vitality, skin trouble, and later — spongy gums, are caused by not enough Vitamin C in the diet.

It isn't enough to depend on the occasional orange you can buy at a shop. Your child needs orange juice *every day*. The orange juice provided by the Government scheme gives children the juice of six oranges every week.

Every normal child should be able to take both orange juice and cod liver oil without any coaxing. Don't suggest to the child, either by words or expression, that one or other of them may be distasteful.

There are over 10,000 distributing points all over the country where these foods can be obtained. Find your nearest one, and do your utmost to arrange to collect your child's cod liver oil and orange juice or have them collected regularly.

SOME HINTS on how to give cod liver oil and orange juice

1. Babies should have cod liver oil immediately before the feed. Start at 1 or 2 months. At first give only a few drops two or three times a day. Don't give orange juice or cod liver oil mixed with the bottle feed.
2. From the age of 6 months onwards a normal child should be having his full requirement of orange juice and cod liver oil every day, as directed on the bottle.
3. Ask your doctor or clinic for advice if you are in any doubt or difficulty.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY TO FRIDAY AT 8.15 a.m.

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1. Food Facts No. 195

BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

MAKE DO AND MEND WASHDAY WISDOM

"Safety First" should be your motto when washing clothes. That's why you *must* use Oxydol, the famous granulated soap—it contains a brand new washing principle—Oxydol's Busy Bubble lather. Its safe, gentle way of washing means that your clothes come spanking clean and are not ruined by washtub wear and tear; no hard rubbing or scrubbing is required. Use Oxydol and save clothes coupons every washday.

3½d. size 1 coupon. 7d. size 2 coupons.
A Class 1 Product. At your shop.

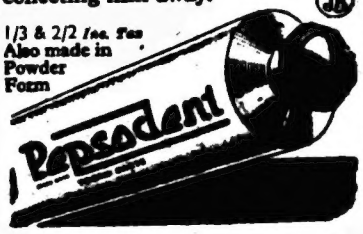
THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Do your teeth look lovely too?

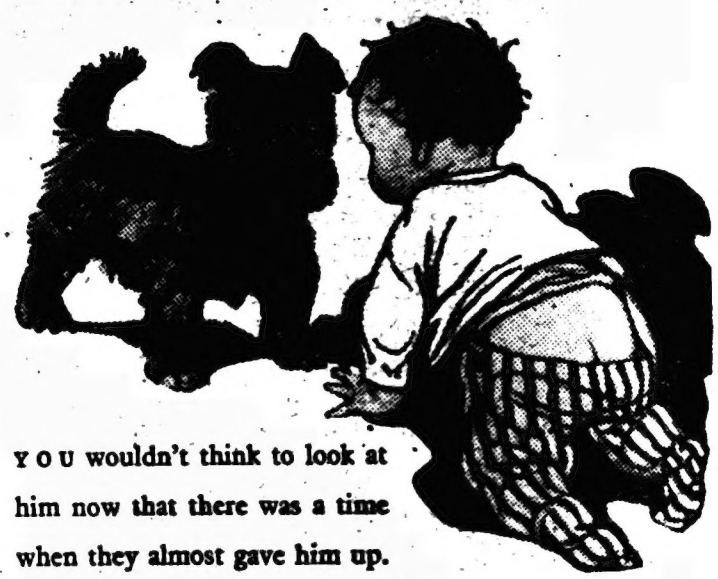
the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film away.

1/3 & 2/2 *Inc. Tax* Also made in Powder Form



Come on David!



YOU wouldn't think to look at him now that there was a time when they almost gave him up. Like so many babies he couldn't digest his food. Then someone suggested Nestlé's Milk and from the first feed he came on famously.

Nestlé's Milk is rich, full cream country milk. Nature's own perfect food, specially prepared to make it digestible by the most delicate baby.

RICHEST IN CREAM **Nestlé's Milk**

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 15, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

SHUT UP

No, we're not being rude. We're just telling you what is happening to some of the most necessary institutions in Britain to-day.

A reader's wife, an expectant mother, arranged last autumn to have her baby in a local nursing home. Now she has received a letter, returning her deposit and stating that the home is closing down because of the shortage of domestic staff.

Nearly a hundred other expectant mothers must try to make new arrangements at short notice. Many of them are in lodgings, and none of them will find it easy to get someone to look after them.

Up and down the country, indeed, maternity homes are faced with the prospect of closing down.

The Government, which is anxious to raise the birth rate, can hardly be blamed for the acute lack of women "domestics." It can't find enough, indeed, for large hospitals.

But we do suggest that when the labour situation becomes easier—as it should do some time this year—maternity homes should be put high on the priority list for women workers no longer required for factories or the Services.

Straight from the Shoulder

HOW LONG?

CERTAINLY the next few months will not see the end. But they will decide if the war is to burn deeply into the sixth year.

For two reasons:

The enemy expects us soon in Western Europe.

The Russians are now fighting a kind of campaign entirely new to them.

Invasion

We can't consider one fact without the other. Whether the Germans are right or wrong in assuming that we shall land on the Continent before May is out, the vital point is that meanwhile dozens of their best divisions are pinned down to the Channel coast—which gives a magnificent opportunity to our Russian friends.

In trying to bolt one door of his fortress, Hitler has left another insecurely latched.

Three Waves

Rommel has some 600,000 troops awaiting us. Eventually, he asserts, two million British and American troops will be engaged.

In landing operations of such size, the attacking forces usually consist of three "waves"—the first to gain a bridgehead, the second to hold it, the third to cope with supplies and administration.

And it takes at least a fortnight to make sure of that bridgehead.

Air Battles

There will be intense air opposition. Though the Americans have been clawing down a hundred fighters a day from the German skies, there are as many left as in 1940.

But it will be surprising if the Anglo-American air strength doesn't surprise the enemy.

Defence Switch

We may also presume that our heavy bomber force will assist the operations; there will be plenty of transport targets well behind the fighting front, and easier targets than Berlin.

Understandably, Berlin has become a German obsession. So the recent attack on Krupps at Essen was a wily move—most of the defences had been moved from the Ruhr!

Wrong Foot

Indeed, Hitler has been standing on the wrong foot quite a lot lately.

When the Russians began their swift advance into Poland, and some people were working out how long it would take them to get to Berlin, JOHN BULL predicted that their main assault would be a curving drive south-eastwards.

Hitler evidently thought otherwise, and now he is paying the price.

Cut Up

The whole German front is breaking up. The *Wehrmacht* has been split into separate armies. The rot has begun.

Begun—no more. It could be stopped by first-rate troops—those which are so firmly pegged to the coasts and fields of France and Flanders.

For now the Russians have left the rich plains where their tanks had freedom of movement. They must fight in gorges and narrow mountain passes which are ideal for defence.

Bombing Will Help

They are being helped—very greatly so—by the Balkan bombing campaign of the Middle East Forces. Here, again, is a notable example of co-operation between the Allies.

They are helped, again, by the fact that a third of the German Army is tied down to Western Europe.

Heavy Losses

Besides, the *Wehrmacht* must by now have suffered some five million casualties—dead, missing, wounded or captured.

The Russian losses cannot be less grim. But, unlike the enemy, the Russians still have adequate reserves.

Doubtful

Against them, in the Balkans, are ranged 20 German divisions. The enemy may hope to gain the support of some 16 Hungarian divisions of doubtful morale, and perhaps as many Rumanians, who have suffered badly in the Russian fighting, but who are probably in better heart than the Hungarians.

But what inducement can Germany give them to bleed for her?

Political Weapons

Wisely, M. Molotoy has given them an excellent reason for not doing so. His assurance that Russia will treat them fairly was very much in the spirit of the Atlantic Charter—and it was made after consultation with London and Washington.

Problems

So it was more than a shrewd offer to the Balkans. It was proof to the world that the United Nations can act in unity.

A useful beginning. It should lead to consultation and unison on other urgent problems.

On the Eve

On the eve of the effort to liberate the victims of Hitlerism, important questions remain unanswered.

How do we propose to get the full help of the French, Dutch, Danes, and all the rest? What encouragement are we giving them?

We are not allowed to know; even our propaganda is hush-hush.

Passed to Him

But it is plain that no decision has been reached on some vital matters. Thus, the rôle to be played by General de Gaulle and the French National Committee has not been defined. Instead, there is only the Washington attempt to pass the French nation into the embarrassed arms of General Eisenhower.

We are quite willing to treat with Marshal Badoglio. But we do not recognise the senators and resistance leaders in Algiers.

One Plan

Surely the Big Three should have reached agreement on these problems?

Surely they should start to give effect to the Atlantic Charter?

They have drawn up a military plan. A political and economic plan is no less necessary.

The Prize

In the military sense, Rome has long since ceased to be a military prize. But it remains an important political one. Our new effort to win it should soon be decided.

As we expected, Anzio has become the centre of interest. Cassino must be reckoned a bitter and costly disappointment.

Leap-Frog

On the fourth great war front, the Japanese are being beaten at their own game.

Leap-frogging from island to island, islet to atoll in the South-West Pacific, the Allied troops are infiltrating, encircling and outflanking the enemy.

A few weeks ago JOHN BULL stated that 50,000 Japanese were cut off. Washington now puts the figure at 100,000; evidently we were too cautious.

Food For Us

Rightly, tribute has been paid to the U.S.A. and Australia for their immense efforts in the Pacific. Too little has been said of New Zealand's part in feeding great armies—and her determination to send more food than ever to Britain.

Perhaps we hear so rarely of her because her people are content with social services that put ours to shame.

Raising the Standard

But the New Zealanders want to raise their standard of living even higher. Therefore they are anxious for international collaboration.

In the West Indies, a Caribbean conference has just ended. That, too, was concerned with better living. And it has agreed on economic recommendations that would increase the prosperity of all the peoples concerned

Rights of Man

If this can be done on a small scale, why not on a big one?

If more than forty nations can agree on a world agricultural policy—as they did at Hot Springs—why not on economics, currency, transport, distribution, even on diplomacy?

Next week, the I.L.O. will urge similar action on labour conditions, welfare, education, and other subjects.

The Choice

Either we plan a new sort of world or we must go back to the pre-war world.

Develop the world's resources. Give to every man of every race the right of decent employment and social security.

Or go back to poverty, cut-throat competition, friction, jealousy—and the inevitability of war.

It's Getting Late

That is true of Britain itself. Even the Government realises that, in some matters at least, the country's future should be rationally arranged.

Unfortunately, it started planning too late. It has a lot of leeway to make up.

More important than the possibility of Lord Cranborne succeeding Mr. Eden at the Foreign Office, more important than the proposed new Ministry of Housing, would be a clear-cut decision on domestic policy that would enable planning to be begun in earnest!

(Continued overleaf)

"YOUR CHEQUE IS LIKE A GODSEND" — *writes Mrs. C. E. Sowter, of Thorne, Doncaster, in acknowledging cheque paid under John Bull's Free Insurance following an outbreak of fire at her home.*

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.,

in addition to

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE, underwritten at Lloyd's.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

LITTLE has been said lately (at least by the politicians) about the subject near to every serving man's heart—the prospect of getting back his job after the war.

It's an uneasy lull that ought not to continue.

From £6—

Our readers have plenty to say; and some of their experiences are not very reassuring. In 1939 a correspondent was earning £6 a week in a West Country town where he was in charge of the Voters' List. . . .

—Down

He was called up to the Royal Army Pay Corps as a reservist and decided to make the best of a new life. He became a sergeant, worked so hard that in the end he had to go into hospital and was discharged from the Army.

And so back to his job? Not at all. The job was not there, and he had to take another that brought in 30s. a week less.

"Other Arrangements"

"Why not take a temporary job elsewhere?" they said. "Of course, you can come back to your old work when it's resumed." Not long after our correspondent read that it was being resumed. He wrote to the authorities. The answer was that other arrangements had been made.

Now's the Time

Is this going to be the story after the war? Mr. Bevin has made several statements about compulsory reinstatement. They're not up to much so far.

We say again: we want to see the tightest possible rules drawn up NOW.

From Station "L"

In the meantime, the men in uniform have other things to watch. The stupidest of stupid red tape in many cases. A letter comes from a R.A.F. station we'll call "L," intelligent, obviously written by a man of education.

He describes what appear to be shocking examples of excessive discipline and waste of manpower.

"Eyes Left"

Men and women going on duty at this station with their overalls and tools have to parade, give eyes left to an officer, as they are marched to work only 200 yards away.

Night-shift workers are forced to get up in the middle of their normal sleeping time to be paid.

Technical stores, rushed specially from America, stayed in the station stores for three days recently because the appropriate officer wasn't there to sign some form or other.

Only Too True

It all sounds so utterly unreasonable. But JOHN BULL has found that that sort of thing is too often too true.

Another point we find difficult to understand—the apparently brutal distinction in some Service Orders between officers and men.

The Difference

We've been sent a copy of an order in the Royal Navy saying that naval ratings who've been in contact with smallpox will not normally be allowed on long leave until 16 days have elapsed since such contact. That's an excellent precaution. But why are officers allowed to proceed on leave if they have been *warned* of the risk of developing smallpox "during the above period"? Has smallpox a special terror of the men with gold braid round their arms?

Their Point of View

It's not easy to comment on discrimination of this sort. Service woodenheads are apt to mutter about incitement, encouraging insubordination, and so on.

JOHN BULL never has done, and never will, print a line that might affect morale. But that doesn't mean that we won't give the views of the ranks. It does not incite a private or an ordinary seaman to see his feelings expressed every now and then.

Why Like That?

As for this smallpox order, we realise its aim is entirely reasonable. It's quite rightly assumed that officers probably have to live in less crowded homes than the ratings; that they're more likely to get speedy medical attention.

Well and good. But why draw the difference so pointedly?

Kept in Their Places

Perhaps there is no getting away from this officer-and-man complex in wartime. Extract from a letter from a corporal who's been abroad since 1940—three and a half years of the time in Malta:

"Would you believe it: the other night an ENSA concert party came to give us a show—the fifth in four years that the battalion could all get to. They had the cheek to make us pay, *and even then we could only go to certain seats.*"

Yet, in 1943, the price of ENSA was approximately three and a half million pounds!

"Sorry, No Children"

Well, a change from complaints. Let's tell the story of a woman who did not think of complaining.

We saw her with her five-year-old child travelling to London the other day. She looked desperately tired. Her husband, back from Italy, where he'd been wounded, was recuperating in the North, and she'd made a thirty-hour train journey, hoping to spend the six weeks' convalescence with him.

After two days she was on her way home. No one would offer her accommodation. Sorry, no children admitted.

Her Post

What was she? An idle camp-follower? Not exactly. Though eligible for exemption because of her child, she was in a war job. She'd become a post-woman, had to cycle nearly forty miles a day, and loved it.

"It's grand," she said, "to see the women's faces when I deliver letters from their men abroad."

For Emergencies

Talking about accommodation, let's return for a moment to that old question of keeping houses empty for emergencies.

With so many thousands crying out for homes, the only justification for that policy is that it works. And, of course, it doesn't. A London man was bombed out the other week. He and his family were well cared for at the rest centre, told to find a suitable house so that it could be requisitioned.

High Hopes

In high hopes the husband went to the rehousing office. He went very often. And just as often he was told: Very sorry, but we can't do anything for you to-day."

And that is likely to be the experience of many more if we get more raids. In the meantime, the theory is that houses are being withheld so that they can be immediately available for bomb victims.

It All Depends : : :

We've had a letter from the secretary of the Electrical Trades Union complaining of the way in which time and money are being wasted on repairs to bombed houses. But only on some houses. It depends on the influences at work.

From Scratch

In an instance quoted as typical the only damage to the electrical installations in a London house was six lighting pendants blasted down with the ceilings. All that was needed was to replace them when the ceilings had been repaired.

Instead, the workmen were instructed to replace *all* pendants and switches, to rewire with lead-covered cable, and at one point to put in lead cable instead of the tough rubber already there.

Far from Home

When the bombs have fallen in the past the Civil Defence workers have never been found wanting. All the more reason why we should look after their interests in the quiet periods.

A Sheffield C.D. man has been stationed at several depots, ranging from two to seven miles from his home. He has to add his travelling hours to 84 hours a week on duty. But there is a depot where he could easily be stationed *only a hundred yards from where he lives.*

Pay-as-You-Like

It just does not make sense. Any more than some of these wartime wage rates. . . .

Fish porters at Grimsby want £4 16s. for working on Sunday. A Wiltshire bus driver says he gets that amount for seven days' work, *including Sunday.*

Costly Coal

Another little money matter. . . Extra coal supplies in case of illness cannot be granted unless the Local Fuel Overseer is given a doctor's certificate.

A Suffolk woman had her two children ill a week or two ago. She was charged 2s. for the medical certificates and was allowed a cwt. of extra coal. So that cwt. cost her 5s. 6d.

Food for Thought

A lot of nonsense, isn't it? So is this: A N.F.S. man, tired of the 48-hours-on-24-off routine, got round the local transport officer to give him a job as a mechanic.

He just about knew the front of a car from the back, but the officer took him on without any kind of a trade test as he was hard up for staff.

Now the N.F.S. man gets £1 a week more than he used to. Mending cars? No, peeling potatoes in the Transport Centre's canteen.

Good Bargain

Fines are often funny things—not to the ones who have to pay them but when you read about them in the papers.

A man who refused to register for fire-watching was fined £2 by a Kent bench. His neighbours, who had put in a night a week for eighteen months before the system was changed, were a bit envious. They reckoned that the slacker had paid 6d. a night for staying in bed while they looked after the village. And most of them, used to a full day's work, would have settled for that amount.

TWO

Once upon a time a housesecker on the South Coast found a bungalow which had been empty since the Army left it two years before. He went in through the open door and explored. Imagine his surprise when he found two Sten guns and three rifles and ammunition. He went away, puzzling how such dangerous things could be left unwatched.

STEN

Now, being a Home Guard, this houseseeker told his C.O. But nothing was done. So he went back to the bungalow, expecting to find that he'd been dreaming. But, no, the weapons were still there. So, lest people should think he was mad, or even drunk, the houseseeker put a Sten gun on his back and rode off with it on his motor-cycle in broad daylight.

GUNS

Still no one bothered. The C.O. thought this was going a bit too far, though, and he referred the matter to higher authority for further necessary inquiries to be made. For seven weeks the houseseeker waited, but nothing happened and in the end he wrote and told JOHN BULL about it all. And so you've read a fairy story that isn't a fairy story at all, but rather a disturbing account of what can happen in this armed fortress of ours.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Eastern Poland now described by Germany as "infested area" means that it is over-run with guerillas—and they are impeding military operations.**
- *In Croatia and Slavonia, too, armed bands are spreading terror among the occupation forces.*
- Ten hostages to die for every German killed; that has been the Nazi occupation rule. Now the figure is to be increased.
- **Important change is coming in London administration of Yugoslav affairs; Tito's representative here will be officially recognised.**
- *Several German generals have been withdrawn from Russian Front and sent to Western Europe.*
- In attempt to quell resistance, Quisling has had to promise that Norwegians mobilised for compulsory labour will not be used for military service.

WHY SNUB THE WOMEN?

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

THE prospect of an early debate upon the general question of the rate of pay for men and women means that we may be nearing the decisive battle in the long campaign for ual citizenship.

JOHN BULL stands by the principle of "the rate for e job" without sex discrimination.

We demanded a New Charter for Women last nuary. We demand it again, with even more sistence, following the suppression of the equality volt over the Education Bill.

Obviously, this essentially national question cannot considered in terms of a single occupation; probably was a tactical error to try to force the issue for the aching profession alone.

But the one-vote Government defeat, since wiped out by the confidence challenge to the rebels, has proved that the principle of equal pay has strong support even in this predominantly Tory Parliament.

And we feel certain there is large majority support for it among the public.

As to the plain economic *justice* of equal pay r equal work, there can no dispute.

But there are two stock arguments against it.

The first is that the community cannot afford so eeping a reform; the second, that it would be unfair married men and damaging to family life.

There is also strong opposition among certain employers to equal pay—for the simple reason that they like to have large supplies of cheap labour always available.

However, sex discrimination should cease. And omen should insist upon a definite pledge to this ject *before* the men come back from the war and all bour becomes more plentiful.

As to the cost of equalising the rates of pay for e sexes, there can be no reliable estimate.

The Government would have to pay a larger salary d wages bill to the Civil Service, including the Post ice, but it has never been a generous employer, even its male staff.

In industry generally, "the rate for the job" is ken for granted wherever organised labour has been rong enough to enforce it, and, although millions of omen are still underpaid in comparison with men, the rinciple of equality is steadily gaining ground.

In any case, it is false economy to suppose that this country can gain anything real and permanent through saving money by the sacrifice of justice to any section of the community.

Fair play—which implies fair pay, too—will robably mean some additional call upon privileged ockets.

But, whatever it costs, it must in the long run prove eaper than injustice.

The hoary excuse that men should receive more ecause of their family responsibilities will not stand to honest examination.

The bachelor cannot actually need more money an the spinster. He has been used to having it, but does not actually cost him more to live than it does er.

Again, many women, as well as men, have family sponsibilities. The breadwinner is not always a male. housands of brave girls are supporting, or helping to pport, old people, invalids and even children who are ot their own.

JOHN BULL's letter-bag testifies to this important ct. Though there are far more men with dependants an women, justice should be given to all.

Much of the "expense" opposition to equal pay arises from, or is organised by, employers with an axe to grind.

Few people now dare to contend that it is "uneconomic" to open the professions and the trades to both sexes on equal terms.

Even the medical profession has latterly had to admit that women should be given the same opportunities as men.

Why? Because we are threatened with a national shortage of doctors; because the original prejudice among the public against women doctors is breaking down; and, finally, because any truly national health service will necessitate the co-operation of the sexes on equal terms.

Nevertheless, so hardly do custom and tradition die, the removal of the ban on women medical students in the hospitals has so far proved little more than a gesture, for it is now revealed that "teaching hospitals" have "no facilities" for additional women students.

Such resistance in practice to a reform already conceded in principle will have to be fought.

It is absurd to give with one hand and take away with the other. If the country needs more well-trained women doctors, teachers, and the like, facilities for their training *must be provided.*

Family life must be protected at all costs. Rather than sacrifice it; rather than maintain "the luxury tax on babies," or drive potential mothers into the labour market against their will, we might even be prepared to put up with a continuation of sex inequality.

But this alternative need not arise, as witness this significant passage from the recent report on "Work" by the Conservative Sub-committee on Industry:—

"The recommendation of equal pay wherever men and women are doing equal work must be accompanied, *of course*, by the proviso that systems of family allowances and income-tax allowances may have to be appropriately adjusted."

The italics are ours. *Of course*, we shall have to have family allowances and further tax reliefs to lighten the burden of parenthood!

None but fanatics want to drive British women into industry if they prefer to fulfil the greater and more natural rôle of motherhood.

BUT JOHN BULL has consistently supported the principle of family allowances. That is one reason why we have been so anxious to see the Beveridge Plan for Social Security translated into action.

The Premier himself recognises the need for family allowances as part of his four-year plan for social reform.

We must reserve our opinion about this plan until the Government's forthcoming Social Security Bill has been put before the House.

Meanwhile, we press our unconditional demand for economic equality between the sexes.

This war, which women are so magnificently helping to win, offers them their great chance to insist upon a fair deal.

They must be prepared to fight the banks and the insurance companies and every other combination of employers which are still exploiting their sex.

They must have the pluck and the commonsense to join the trades unions which are fighting their battles.

And they would be wise to badger their M.P.s into forcing the Government to face this issue and take a decision upon it as a matter of plain justice.

Pink Capsules Are Weapons for Our Invasion

SEASICKNESS could mean the difference between success and failure in invasion!

So Allied doctors have been at work, and have scored what may well be chalked up as another military success.

Using the good ship *Mal de Mer*—a specially designed machine which produces all the motions of a ship pitching and rolling at sea—they have tested countless soldiers and sailors.

And out of the tests has come confirmation of what had been suspected for years—that the root of seasickness is to be found in the inner ear.

★ ★ ★

This inner ear is an automatic "spirit-level" which communicates the body's movements to the brain, and it is now asserted that the overworking of this "spirit-level" causes sickness.

So the research workers began to look for a substance which would work as a sedative on the particular nerves concerned.

They found it—and the result is a pink capsule

This capsule has been proved to be 95 per cent. effective in all cases of motion sickness induced by ships, aircraft, cars, or trains

Taken before sailing, it will prevent sickness.

Taken during a voyage, it will cure men already seasick.

And, which is equally important, the cure has no harmful reactions, neither stupefying the mind nor slowing up the body.

It has been no quick discovery.

Work on the new cure has been going on for two years, following experiments begun by the late Sir Frederick Banting, discoverer of insulin, whose co-worker, Dr. Charles H. Best, has been one of the directors of the experiments.

The final discovery was made not long ago, and was tested in a troopship during a North Atlantic storm.

The results were absolutely conclusive.

Upwards of 4,000 men have now been tested at sea, and only 5 per cent. of those who took the pink capsule became sick!

Think of that in terms of the invasion.

Beach craft, packed with Commando troops, tossing their way towards the enemy coastline, arrive dead on time, and the assault soldiers charge ashore in as good trim as when they stepped aboard.

★ ★ ★

Without the pink capsule, probably a third of them would be feeling more dead than alive.

About as much use, in fact, as a sick headache!

And that has happened.

It is said that in some of the wallowing landing craft which carried Allied troops to Sicily, seasickness casualties were as high as 75 per cent.!

Thanks to research workers, it won't happen again.

H.K.

FOOTNOTE:

If you or your children suffer from train-sickness in these days of difficult travel, don't rush round to your chemist for a box of the pink capsules. Their contents are a military secret for the duration.

Principal J. F. REES

University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire

Principal Rees has ideas for Wales

DEAR SIR,—In many British homes to-day memories are still poignantly alive to the aftermath of the last war—its years of unemployment and stagnation, of misery, despair, hopelessness, and bitterness.

We coined that insufferable phrase "depressed areas"; and the nation stood helplessly by while family life disintegrated, and the venom of social injustice spread its poison in the hearts and minds of respectable men who, wanting work, were denied it.

A recurrence of that suffering after this war is ended is too terrible to contemplate. No one wants a repetition of those dark, lean years. And, generally, no one will have it.

But we *will* have it unless steps are taken now, not only nationally but sectionally, to carry Britain through the difficult, inevitable days of post-war reconstruction.

You, as Chairman of the Welsh Reconstruction Advisory Council, advocate measures which, you feel, will avoid the economic troubles that beset Wales between the two wars. You want to stabilise, by international agreement, the coal export trade; reorganise the tinplate industry, and establish municipal airports.

Your suggestions are good—for Wales. Yet I doubt if the vast problems we must tackle after the war can be solved by sectionalising the industrial needs of Britain. Such proposals as your council put forward help. But they cannot do more than help.

Every industry, every area that suffered so much in the years of depression, will have its own particular views to air on post-war problems. As such, they will be useful. Whether they will be valuable contributions to the vaster field of international economic troubles is debatable.

Problems after the war will be, like the war itself, global. The nations victorious through unity must win the peace by unity. And unless that accord which has taken the Allies through the anxious war years is present in the equally anxious years of reconstruction, Britain and other nations will pay the penalty.

Wales is not prepared to pay that penalty. Nor is England, Scotland.

For that reason, Britain must, in world council, dwell insistently on two words: "International Reconstruction." In that council the voice of Wales will not be forgotten.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. ROBERT FOOT, Chairman, Mining Association

DEAR MR. FOOT,—You are a brave man. Very few of us would have left the virtual dictatorship of the B.B.C. to become the full-time leader of Britain's coal owners, at a time when the industry is torn by strife and strike, by dissension and disruption. I admire your courage. I don't envy you your new job.

But I do envy you the opportunity to bring to a great and vital industry that peace which is essential to the nation's future.

One of your tasks is to reorganise the industry into much larger units. Is this wise?

Combines, like gigantic unions, do not make for good working relations. They tend to destroy that close attention which binds labour and capital together, and which makes easy those common-sense discussions that prevent trouble.

As Director-General of the B.B.C. you were not free from criticism. But your critics were friendly, impersonal. Now you are venturing into the fiercest industrial combat area in Britain's front line of production.

It's a pity, in a way, that you enter the list on the side of the owners. Their record of muddle and mismanagement, of obstinacy and short-sightedness, is a handicap you must shoulder. And the equal mulishness and autocracy of some of the miners makes the burden doubly heavy.

Get the coal industry out of its present mess, lay the foundations of a period of strike-free, productive peace, and I'll forgive you all those occasions when I have switched off my radio in boredom or disgust.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. J. H. BRODRICK,

Clerkenwell Police Court

DEAR MR. BRODRICK,—I share with poor children, hardened offenders and the people of the little streets sincere regret at your retirement from the court where for years you have proved yourself a magistrate of compassion, tolerance and profound understanding.

Detectives liked you. The men and women who came before you for justice liked you. Perhaps that is because you liked them, and because you sensed under the frailty of the wrongdoer the sterling worth of the people you came to know so well.

The foibles and follies of the "fashionable" courts did not come your way.

You saw the poor and their poverty; their struggles and their temptations. And you summed up your experiences in these words: "I have learned to respect and admire the poor people immensely. They are the best people in the world. The kindness of one poor person to another is beyond price."

So is kindness from the Bench. As a dispenser of justice you have switched many a misguided man and woman from the ways of crime to the paths of honesty. And you have done that without betraying any sign of weakness.

Clerkenwell is going to miss you. So am I.—JOHN BULL.

Sir NOEL CURTIS-BENNETT,

Chairman, National Playing Fields

DEAR SIR NOEL,—Few of us these days can speak with first-hand authority of leisure, its uses and abuses, its virtues and its drawbacks. But I read with interest your somewhat dogmatic statement that "it is infinitely easier to degenerate through excess of leisure than excess of work."

Perhaps you have statistics to prove your case. But I venture to suggest that the landed gentry of the "good" old days, the huntin', shootin', fishin', laddies managed to live a little longer and a little more comfortably than the miner or the steelworker.

The trouble is that, in the past, the few have had too much leisure, and the many have had far too little. Indeed millions really never knew leisure; all they had were periods of rest between sleep and work.

I'm all for the setting up of a Ministry of Leisure, but before that step is taken there'll be a hard struggle to ensure that leisure is granted the many who make it available for the few. Agreed?—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

Plans, Promise, and Plenty

BRITAIN to-day is more visionary than it has ever been.

Every man and woman is looking ahead, planning to do this, do that, once the word Hitlerism becomes an evil dream and Europe gets on with its gigantic task of reconstruction.

According to one analysis of public opinion, the most popular need after the war will be holidays. Here, for once, I am in accord with the clamour of the mob.

Last year I had six lovely days on the North Devon coast, idyllic days of sunshine and sea spray, of clean, health-giving breezes and undisturbed rest.

Six days of real holiday in four and a half years is not particularly excessive. But it is probably more than many people have enjoyed, and I have no complaint.

★ ★ ★

This intense desire for holidays is a symptom of the strain and weariness which war engenders. And the desire is not so much for holidays in the pre-war sense of the term as for rest which will rebuild and renourish both mind and body.

Plans? They're vague, dependent on many factors. A motoring holiday? But the petrol restrictions may continue. A bungalow at the seaside? But housing problems will be very much with us and holiday bungalows will be needed for homes, not temporary resting-places.

Trips abroad? Not for me; at least not for holiday purposes, although I am virtually committed to a trip to Paris as soon as cross-Channel travel resumes.

But how purposeless all this really is! Must we look ahead only to the pleasures which we have been denied so long? Is all our planning to be hedonistic?

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All the problems of living—many of them more acute and decidedly more pressing—will be with us. And many a domestic argument lies ahead.

Wives are going to make A1 priority claims on family incomes. Houses need repairs and decorations. Kitchen utensils will have to be bought. Crockery, cutlery, new radio sets, new cars, new clothes, new furniture, new curtains, new linen—all are needed in more or less degree in every home.

The immediate post-war days will not be days of plenty. But they will be days of promise.

The fulfilment of that promise may not be so joyous as many of us anticipate. Indeed, it may turn out to be a negation of our dreams.

For who can rely on the speedy stabilisation of a world which for a long time will be in a state of flux?

Yet the planning and the dreaming will go on. They are luxuries we have earned. And no one shall rob us of them.

Mr. FRANK BOWLES,

Labour M.P. for Nuneaton

DEAR SIR,—Psychiatrists tell us t between sanity and lunacy there is a narrow border line. An equ narrow margin exists between cr and innocence, between justice injustice.

Because of that, I feel that the c now being brought to your notice young people sentenced under Mental Act of 1925, some of them away" virtually for life, should given as much publicity as possible.

The instance of a boy who spent years in prison and then in a co for mental defectives, before being out "on licence"—he is now a d worker earning £7 a week—is only reason why I hope you succeed arousing the Minister of Health sympathetic action.

It is true that the country as a wh must be protected against the unha youths whose unhinged minds m them a peril not only to themselves to the community.

But it seems to me that the proced whereby young people are deprived their liberty leaves too much latitude the hands of magistrates.

Additional safeguards such as perio reviews of cases, and authority m weighty than that of ordinary medi practitioners, would protect that m precious of all our rights—the liberty the subject.—JOHN BULL.

Miss GLADYS CHARLESWORTH,

Ordnance Factory Worker

DEAR MISS CHARLESWORTH,—I blush think how many "pin-up" girls I h admired—their glamorous, silk-c slender limbs, their languishing e their white, manicured hands, th shining, lustrous hair.

There always seemed something real about these artificially burnish creatures of an hour. But there's no ing artificial about you. And milli of Soviet war workers will agree with when they see your confident, str attractive face staring at them from walls of factories which have served Red Army so well.

For you have been chosen as Num One "pin-up" girl by the Ministry of formation as being typical of the wo providing the tools to finish the job.

Posters bearing your picture give Russian munitions workers evidence that pledge which the two nations implementing—that there shall be no up until the enemy is defeated.—JO BULL.

By B. L. Jacot

Merchant Navy Men Win Through

THE British merchantman was ploughing through heavy seas off the African coast when a torpedo hit her amidships.

The heavy explosion was followed immediately by a list; the engineers reported that the ship was taking water rapidly.

So, in the early hours of the morning and in the bright light of a westering moon, the captain gave the order to Abandon Ship.

One of the lifeboats, with twenty-three men aboard, lost touch with the others in the night. When dawn came to lighten the skies nothing was in sight on the heavy grey seas, and the second engineer in command called a council.

Hunger and Thirst

"The wind is against us," he said, "and the current isn't helping us on our course. We've about 200 miles to make, and we have been badly damaged getting clear. We have lost our provisions and our water.

"If every man puts his heart in spelling in with the rest at the oars, we've got a chance to reach the coast and land. How about it?"

The men decided to row. Two of them were injured. One, a man of sixty—Old Joe—had hurt his back and was unable to move. They made him as comfortable as possible, covering him with their coats.

"If any man has any food or drink, knives or weapons," the second engineer decided, "he should hand them over to me for the pool."

There was no food and no drink in the boat, but so many knives were turned in that the engineer handed them back.

All that day the men rowed in heavy seas.

The heavy work made them thirsty, but not one complained. They rowed in spells all through the night, keeping course with the uninjured compass.

On the second day they began to suffer from thirst. The engineer eased off the spells at the oars, for he reckoned they would not survive more than forty-eight hours in their condition without water.

A shift in the wind came with the setting sun and they rigged a sail from coats. They lay about the boat, some of them in a pretty bad way. None expected to live much longer, and the night was very cold.

Just before dawn, rain awakened them. They let it run down their faces, licking their moustaches and the backs of their hands. Then they rigged clothing to form watersheds, and as the light strengthened over those empty seas the rain became a torrent.

Too Weak to Land

They drank and drank. They filled the bottom half of a smashed stone jar. They filled a three-gallon can. And they had to bale to keep the boat afloat.

"Looks as if we're going to make it now, fellows," the commander said. "Bend your backs to those oars!"

They rowed all that day and all through the next night.

Pangs of hunger passed after the second day without food and a weakness took their place, but they kept way on the boat and the hope that had revived never left them.

With first light on the fourth day a landfall was sighted dead ahead.

"The men were in a sad state of misery," the second engineer reported, "but I have never heard such a rousing, spontaneous cheer as went up."

Before noon they were lying off the coast.

Throughout the day they tried to beach the heavy boat with its splintered planking and jury-rigged rowlocks, but in the heavy swell it was almost unmanageable.

Some of the men, weakened through lack of food and exposure, became hysterical. The engineer had to knock one man senseless to stop him from jumping overboard in an attempt to reach the land that was so near and yet so far.

They sailed along the coast until next morning, accepting the risk of death from exposure during the night. Luckily, all survived.

The seas were less heavy now, and the crew put out a sea anchor forward. The surf was heavy but not impossible. The commander gave the order to stand to, and every man went to his allotted job. Four men at the oars began to back the clumsy boat into the surf.

The surf gripped her, swung her . . . and the men at the oars pulled literally for their lives.

The boat lived in the breakers. The tense men felt her ground on the sand. Those at the oars leapt over into the backwash, waist-deep, and held the boat against the pull while the commander got the stronger men ashore to pull her up the beach.

All were so weak that it took them nearly an hour to make the haul. This done, they lay down on the sand.

Springboks

Old Joe—still alive—was in the bottom of the boat. All he could see was sky, but: "I wasn't worrying," he said. "It was fine just to lie there. I wasn't the only chap who said a prayer."

The engineer sent men into the brush to get fuel for a fire which he made with his pocket lighter. They piled stones round the fire, and that evening they lay and rested.

"The beach on which we landed," he reported, "was bare and flat. It was quite deserted in country that goes hundreds of miles without a single inhabitant.

"There was no water and little prospect of any food."

They lay that night, in the bitter cold,

One of the lifeboats lost touch with the others

round the fire in the shelter of the ring of rocks. Again all survived the night. Next morning they laid out on the shore enormous letters made of piled rocks spelling the words: FOOD, WATER, hoping to attract the attention of some aircraft.

Water was still the problem. The second engineer filled a petrol tin with salt water and, to a hole in the tin, he fitted one of the hollow iron stretchers which had supported the boat's hood. He placed the tin over the fire, balancing it on flat rocks.

Soon it began to boil and steam passed through the tube into a bucket which they kept in a larger bucket containing more cold sea water. The condensation went on day and night, and they made thus enough water to keep them alive.

On the third day ashore their condition was desperate from lack of food.

That afternoon a 'plane flew over, sighted the words written on the beach, circled, then came in low. A parachute fluttered out and the men on the beach found a parcel containing the emergency rations of the aircraft.

The machine came back just before dark and dropped more provisions with a note: "Help on the way!" It was signed "South African Air Force."

The crew ate, drank, and slept that night. Next morning a patrol of South African scouts arrived on the beach from the bush.

"We got your position from the Air Force," the lieutenant said. "We've been going all night. You picked a good spot to land!"

It was a seven-mile trek to the nearest point accessible to wheeled traffic. Lorries were parked there waiting for them. The soldiers carried Old Joe every inch of the seven miles on an improvised stretcher.

Six of the men went into the military hospital at Walvis Bay, the rest to a convalescent camp. And all are now making a good recovery.

British Airmen Stage a Forty-Niner!

GEORGE ANSELL comes from Peterborough.

But at the time about which this story is concerned, it didn't much matter where he came from. The important thing was whether he would ever get back to anywhere.

For George Ansell, many thousands of miles from his native heath in England, was lost in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona!

★ ★ ★

He had trekked his way into the maze of canyons with nothing to help him but a map whose authenticity was, to say the least of it, doubtful.

And, even more foolishly, he had started out alone.

Fortunately for George, a cowboy happened to pass his way, and so George was brought back, a sadder and wiser youth, to civilisation.

Civilisation in this instance was represented by the Falcon Airfield, near Phœnix, for George had travelled from England as a potential airman to put in some useful training at this famous centre.

And he had been bitten by the goldbug.

As soon as he heard that he was going to Arizona, he read up all the available literature on the lost gold hoards of the famous mountains—hoards and mines with such romantic names as the Lost Shepherd Girl, the Bandits' Den Treasure, the Lost Six-Shooter, the Mine with the Iron Door, and the Lost Dutchman.

It was the last-named which had taken George's fancy.

It concerned a hidden treasure discovered by an old Dutchman and reprobate, one Jacob Walz, in the 'seventies.

The story goes that Jacob murdered three Mexicans to get at it, killed off sundry other inquisitive snoopers to discourage any rivalry, and, after years of buccaneering about with bags of golden nuggets, died and took the secret to hell with him.

Which explains why George Ansell was in such a hurry to spend his first leave in the Superstition Mountains, home of the Lost Dutchman.

He spent his second leave there, too.

But this time he took one or two pals and a reasonably accurate map!

It wasn't long before the habit spread like wildfire.

★ ★ ★

Arizona experienced something like a new gold rush—a stampede by hundreds of Britain's fledgeling airmen to run down the lost gold of the Superstition Mountains.

So if you've a son, or a nephew, or a grandson being trained to fly at Falcon Field, you can bet your last penny that most of his leaves are spent looking for hidden treasure in the mountains and canyons of Arizona.

The treasure, at the time of writing, obstinately remains hidden.

But at least you can be sure that your son (or nephew, or grandson) is getting a lot of healthy exercise in looking for it!

PATRICK SPENCER.

Two world wars have given us two inspiring leaders—which of them will history judge to be the greater statesman?

Harmer Swaffer

Is Churchill a Second Lloyd George?

WHAT on earth, I wonder, would a Martian visitor to Britain make of our political mix-up?

What would he think of Churchill?

"Is he master of Britain by sheer bossdom or by your willing consent?" he might ask. "Is it true that Parliament has lost its power? And is it true that the electorate is helpless because of the Party truce?"

Then, when he had heard all the answers from every section of political thought—each would be different—he might put the question:

"Does that mean that while obviously you, with the immeasurable aid of Russia, are winning the war, you have already abandoned your dreams of a new social order?"

The truth is that unless we work out, and very speedily, a means by which we can maintain national unity behind the Premier and, at the same time, pass the wide-reaching reforms to which he has been objecting, Parliament will cease to have a meaning, and the country will be run by a mere caucus, of which he is the head.

L. G.'s Authority

Let me try and compare Churchill, our leading war-winner this time, and Lloyd George during the last world conflict.

Lloyd George, when he spoke, had quite as much authority, at least at home. As there was no wireless in those days, however, he had not the same world audience that was won by Churchill, when, in 1940, he was our spokesman in the days of our splendid isolation as the champion of all mankind.

L. G. solved the mining trouble after serious strikes. Winston has not yet done it.

On the other hand, L. G. was surrounded by wiser counsellors. He had, for instance, as elder statesmen Balfour, an ex-Premier, Milner of Africa, and Curzon. Whatever their narrowness of view, they were experienced in world affairs. Bonar Law, although younger, had a canny Scottish caution. He sat by L. G's side, read his memoranda, and often influenced his Yes or No.

Churchill, it is said openly, relies, not on his Cabinet but on Beaverbrook, an astute politician and dynamic personality — but little more.

His only other confidant—the *Observer* recently confirmed my disclosure of these facts, two months ago—is Brendan Bracken, merely because, when Winston was in the wilderness, the present Minister of Information was his only close political friend. Compared with Balfour, Bracken is a mere messenger boy.

Lloyd George honestly promised "a land fit for heroes," but left it in words. This time, it is recognised that our hopes of a new social order can only be realised if our post-war plans are finished before the guns cease to fire.

Yet on every occasion reforms are suggested—the Beveridge Plan, for instance, or equal pay for women if they do the work of men—mysterious influences whisper No. And so the Premier holds them up.

In order to do this, he actually got Herbert Morrison, a Socialist, to oppose the Beveridge Plan after Anderson and Kingsley Wood, his two Tory spokesmen, had failed.

Then, Socialists, although "the same pay for the same job" had long been their official policy, had to vote against equal pay for women teachers, this when Winston cracked the whip and uttered a veiled threat at resignation if they did not do so.

World Figures

As a world figure, Churchill stands in higher esteem than Lloyd George did. But as a guide in home affairs and as a director of policy he is far less efficient.

L. G. liked planning. Winston loathes it.

Besides, Churchill sticks by his friends. In peace time, doing so is sign of an admirable quality. In war, it might become a danger. Winston does not dismiss people. He moves them.

L. G., in war time, had no friends. He would appoint them, threaten them with the sack when doing so, if they failed, and then fire them if he thought it necessary.

He still says of Neville Chamberlain, whom he discovered at Birmingham, "I sacked him." Only over Kitchener and Haig was he bound to hold his hand. The first was the idol of the nation. The second was the Army's pet. So they had to stay.

Winston likes working long after midnight, often to the distress of his colleagues. L. G. was an early bird.

Another difference is that Churchill is a Tory and an aristocrat by nature. L. G., born of the soil, was a Radical and a democrat.

L. G. really believed in "a land fit for heroes" even if, in the calamity of the Peace, he couldn't implement his pledge. Churchill believes in tradition, the Tory Party and the old school tie.

Then L. G. knew how to handle Parliament. Churchill merely masters it by threatening to resign. He knows he is indispensable at the moment. And so do we. No one wants to replace him. Everybody likes him.

But not for long can his personal popularity, nor even his competence and honesty of purpose, be allowed to stand in the way of those far-reaching changes demanded even by some of his own Tory followers.

Often the Coalition shows signs of cracking up. Labour in the Cabinet, Labour as the Opposition, and the rank-and-file of Labour in the country sometimes pull different ways. So even do Bevin and Morrison, the two most powerful of all the Labour leaders. At times they are on scarcely more than speaking terms.

Labour's supporters resent Bevin's threat, made to the Party in one of its revolts, "I will resign."

Labour's chiefs, or some of them, resent Morrison's speeches outlining policy; not he, but Attlee, is the nominal leader. So, indeed, do all the Tories in the Cabinet.

Hard words will be said at Labour's conference at Whitsun. Even Bevin's own union demands "the public ownership and control of land, housing, coal and power, steel, chemicals and transport." What does Bevin, in the Cabinet, say to that?

Then people often wonder who is responsible for the criminal failure of our foreign policy. Anthony Eden, the glamour boy of the Government, Winston Churchill, or the Beaverbrook, whom the *Yorkshire Post*, in which Eden's father-in-law has an interest, suggests has been trying to "take a hand in diplomatic affairs" which would "create widespread alarm and protest." Not long ago, Eden was openly named as the next leader of the Tory Party.

Recently, because of his fulsome speeches, after the high promise of Casablanca, Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran, his stock fell so low that "Eden is leaving the Foreign Office" went round. More, there was actually talk of the appointment in his place of his Permanent Under-Secretary, Sir Alexander Cadogan, a hide-bound official with no breadth of view!

Now, if Industry is restive, and if the rank-and-file of Labour wants to bring its leaders out of the Government, the real reason is that the masses of the people feel in their hearts that the Atlantic Charter has been torn up and that the New World has been betrayed.

The nation will go on till the end of the war. It will stand behind Churchill, if only because it knows that he would never make terms with thugs and murderers.

Diehard Winston

It adores Churchill, the man. It applauds Churchill, the orator.

But, more and more, it is beginning to criticise Churchill, the diehard Tory.

Even to-day, Churchill has the greatest chance given to any British statesman.

He could, if he willed, build the New Britain, and die the greatest man in our island history.

But—he does not will.

It is we, not the Premier, who can see the Vision Splendid and glimpse the City Beautiful.

By A. G. GARDINER

ANY day we may be faced with an internal crisis in Germany calling for instant and firm decisions.

There will come a moment when Hitler will disappear—perhaps assassinated, perhaps consigned to a padded room. He will be disavowed, repudiated, denounced as the arch-criminal who has brought an innocent people to ruin.

On his head responsibility for all the horrors that have made a desolation of Europe will be heaped. And we shall be asked to deal gently with a resurrected Germany that has cast out the devil who betrayed it.

It is the old trick. It has succeeded before. It may succeed again unless we have learned our lesson and we steel ourselves against German cunning.

How the trick works was explained long ago by Professor Foerster, the German historian who has been an exile from Germany for forty years. In his book "Europe and the German Question," he says:

"How characteristic that reply of a German diplomat during the war [of 1914-18] to a neutral who, in view of outrages committed in the German conduct of the war, asked whether the Germans did not consider the possibility of defeat: '*In that case we shall organise sympathy.*'"

* * *

War, as its German law-giver Clausewitz says, is "the extension of diplomacy." If it fails, diplomacy must avert the penalty. It did so in 1918 so successfully that in twenty years Germany was able to launch a bigger and better war upon the world.

But once more the war is being lost, and once more the trick appears. "While thousands of Americans are being killed by German bullets," writes Emil Ludwig (now exiled in America), "hundreds of German

De Gaulle Spo

SOME weeks ago I was discussing with a French statesman the problem of the future relations between Great Britain and France.

The Frenchman made a very shrewd comment: "The most difficult rôle for a nation to play is that of a saviour. It requires an almost superhuman degree of tactfulness—otherwise the most sincere gratitude of the rescued may easily turn into resentment."

The gratitude of the French people towards Britain and the United States, and also towards the Soviet Union, whose victory will save them from permanent bondage, is immense and deeply felt.

★ ★ ★

But it would be a fatal mistake if the victors of to-morrow were to show France the attitude of wealthy relatives towards a poor orphan who owes everything to them and who is constantly reminded of his debt.

I know that this is by no means the terms in which Mr. Churchill and the British Government are thinking of France. But I also know from many talks with less important people that such a tendency—prevalent in the first period after the French disaster—still exists.

Try to see the situation through the eyes of pro-British Frenchmen. They do not deny the political mistakes and military shortcomings which led to
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Be Just—But Firm

Americans are preaching appeasement in the U.S.A."

They are doing it, he says, under the disguise of anti-Nazism. While Nazism was triumphant, these men were its propagandists. They fostered 20,000 German-American Nazi societies, and, up to Pearl Harbour, acclaimed every Hitler victory.

Now they are anti-Nazis. Now they cry: "The Nazi gang is smashed. Let us hasten to conclude an armistice. Let us make the occupation short and co-operate with the anti-Nazi Germans."

* * *

And the "organisation of sympathy" has begun here.

Mr. H. N. Brailsford has written a book, the theme of which is that Germany is a sick nation which needs to be nursed back to health. What it requires "is not a policeman, but a psychiatrist."

It is well to remember (for nothing in the book will remind you of the fact) that this "sick nation" has set the world in flames, has made a shambles of Europe, has butchered millions of Jews and Poles, Greeks and Norwegians, Frenchmen and Dutchmen in cold blood.

It has repudiated every law of God or man. It has raged over Europe like a devouring fury, uprooting peoples, sacking cities, burning, slaughtering, plundering, all with the proclaimed purpose of making itself the tyrant of the whole earth. *Deutschland über Alles.* Remember that.

But the point I wish to stress here is that this picture of a nation led astray in the last ten years by a homicidal maniac and his gangsters is false. It is not Hitler and the Nazis with whom we alone have to reckon. It is the German nation.

Tending a wounded man in the midst of battle. But what must be done when the enemy has been finally defeated?

If we do not realise that, this war, like the last, will have been fought in vain. Twenty years hence a new Hitler will lead a new generation of Germans to a third World War, and perhaps to a victorious World War.

I do not deny that there are good Germans. Of course there are. But they do not count when the fever seizes this nation of regimented slaves.

Professor Foerster estimates that only 5 per cent. of his fellow countrymen were inflexibly hostile to Hitler's schemes while those schemes seemed destined to win.

It is not true that this enormous crime is a sudden aberration due to Hitler or the Nazis. It is only the culmination of a gospel of terrorism that is endemic. It has been practised from the Teutonic Knights onwards.

It has been handed on from Kings to Kaisers and Führers. It has been ground into the German people by philosophers and historians. It is the German religion.

The horror in the midst of which we live was predicted by Heine, the German poet, more than a hundred years ago—before Bismarck was heard of, before the Kaiser or the Führer were born, before the German Empire was founded.

I have quoted the prophecy before, but we canot be reminded of it too often. In 1834 Heine wrote:

"Christianity has occasionally calmed the brutal German lust for battle, but it cannot destroy that savage joy. And when once that restraining talisman, the Cross, is broken, then the old combatants will rage with the fury celebrated by the Norse poets. . . .Then the old stone gods will rise from unremembered ruins and Thor will leap to life at last, and bring down his gigantic hammer on the Gothic Cathedrals. Do not smile. It is no mere fantasy. German thunder is truly German: it takes its time, but it will come. And when it crashes it will crash as nothing in history has crashed before. Never doubt it: the hour will come."

* * *

That is the German Question miraculously envisaged by a great German more than a century ago. The hour he foresaw has come, and we have to find the answer to the question.

I must leave the discussion of the answer to a later opportunity. It is enough here to say this:

If life on this planet is ever again to be tolerable, the world has to discover terms on which it can live in security beside this great and dangerous people.

They were not found after the Kaiser's war. They will not be found after the Führer's war, if we again blind ourselves to the basic and terrible realities of the problem.

NOTHING MUST BE DONE IN THE SPIRIT OF REVENGE, BUT NOTHING MUST BE LEFT UNDONE IN THE SPIRIT OF STERN JUSTICE.

Germany must be defeated and occupied. She must never again be permitted to create the legend that though she lost the war her army was undefeated.

Every reparation that can be exacted for her infamies must be levied. Every wrong that can be undone must be redressed. There must be no "organised sympathy" with the criminal again. The truth that war does not pay must be scorched into her soul.

Then, purged of her barbaric creed, she will be restored to the place she has lost among the civilised peoples of the earth.

...e for All France

...disaster of 1940. ...that they shared ...and shortcomings ...es.

...consider them- ...s of their geo-

...terribly ashamed ...discovery of their ...But Frenchmen ...us remarks about ...tance during the

...course, that the ...which they relied ...save them. But ...at Great Britain ...an obstacle a ...tronger than the ...Channel.

...in.

...rightly point out ...ey recovered from ...and realised the ...Battle of Britain, ...ccepted the Armis- ...rts and endorsed ...policy of collabo- ...emy.

...of spontaneous ..., they went over ...e resistance.

...er the inspiring ...Gaulle small, but ...ch forces never ...and ever-growing ...ch Empire rallied ...

France considers her coming deliverance not as a generous gift by powerful states to a repentant prodigal son, *but as the moral right of a nation which had to sacrifice itself as the geographical outposts of civilisation and which did later all within its power to deserve its liberation.*

That is why there is so much uneasiness among the French when they learn that the fate of the post-war world is to be essentially decided, in the absence of the "junior partner" France, between the "Big Three" or perhaps the "Big Four."

Their uneasiness is increased because the French National Committee is still denied the status of a Government, though recognition is granted to other "exiles" and even to King Victor Emmanuel and Marshal Badoglio. . . .

★ ★ ★

When General de Gaulle said the other day that "France, which gave freedom to the world and is still in the forefront of the struggle for liberty, has no lessons to receive from foreign countries about how to shape her democracy," his outburst caused some bewilderment in friendly capitals.

But make no mistake about it: de Gaulle expressed what is in the minds of the vast majority of his nation.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

When He Missed the News

Yes, a brutal letter. But he had nipped his lips and pushed it in the pillar-box and told himself it was the best thing to do

FUNNY the way these journalist chaps miss it, sometimes. They see it right in front of their noses and they put salt on its tail, and they think they've got it. But all they get is the tail.

When he saw Walt looking amazed on the top step of The Cedars and old Jos looking amazed on the bottom step of The Cedars, Simmy of the *West Country Herald* thought he'd got something. Nothing very big; just a fill-up; but something worth sending to the London papers. And so he had.

But it never occurred to him to ask about the years Walt had walked down to get to the top step of The Cedars. That would have meant going back a bit, and Simmy never went back. He went forward. If he'd waited a bit and nosed about he'd have got more than a fill-up.

But Simmy never waited. He was a go-getter. So that he never got it.

Thirty years Walt had been on his way, without knowing it. He had been twenty then. He was fifty now. It had been a rum journey; all the way from St. Hilda's down in Devon to St. Hilda's down in Devon. That was the rummiest thing about it; the finishing-post was next to the starting-gate.

Thirty years. . . . Before the last war. . . . He could just about remember what Miss Brenda looked like. Just about. Not too clearly. And often it meant an effort.

He wondered—he often wondered—why she had picked on him for her romance; why she had loved *him*. Because if she hadn't there'd have been no story, most probably no journey, rum or otherwise.

If she hadn't loved him, or if he'd loved her. But there it was; he simply couldn't. He didn't hate the sight of her. She was nice enough in a way. But she just could not see things as he saw them, just could not understand his ambitions, *would* not (he thought) believe there were bigger and better and brighter places for a young man than St. Hilda's down in Devon. So that whenever he saw her coming his spirits went down several points, and in the end he had to clear out.

THERE was another thing. Walt in those days, thirty years ago, before the last war, had seen the fun in things. Life was a battle, but life was a lark. You had to struggle for a living, but, struggling, you could laugh.

Miss Brenda never saw that. She had such a solemn way of looking at things that sometimes young Walt had shivered.

It was funny how things turned out. But if they had turned out the other way. . . . If he had married her and lived all his life here in St. Hilda's. . . . The first bloom worn off the peach; cross-purposes, quarrels, never able to see eye to eye. Snarling, grey, wasted years. A lifetime just, thrown away.

It was a sort of a tragedy this way, a half-tragedy; but what a tragedy it would have been that way.

There'd have been a kind of comfort. Young Walt had his ambitions without a penny, but Miss Brenda had more than any woman could ever reasonably want. There'd have been cigars and nuts. But she could never see that, when you're twenty, cigars and nuts aren't the spot.

That was it; she could never see.

It wasn't only the point of a joke. She could never see anything. And yet she loved him. She was crazy about him. It stuck out a mile to everybody in the village.

So that what it boiled down to was this: tell her and clear out. For there'd be no living in St. Hilda with Miss Brenda's love rejected. Tell her and clear out.

Tell her. . . . As if anyone could. She wouldn't see the point of an argument any more than she'd ever seen the point of a joke. He could remember, thirty years away, the horror of merely imagining explaining to Miss Brenda that they could never be happy together.

And so he had cut out the words and left in the action. He had simply cleared out.

He had cleared out to London, to Stoke Newington, and at Stoke Newington, in a little back-room, he had dipped his pen in a bottle and put on paper all the things it had seemed so futile to speak.

He had been more than frank; he had been brutal. It had seemed the only way at the time, for if Miss Brenda lacked many qualities she did not lack determination, and he'd had a terrifying vision of her appearing one day at Stoke Newington in a forgiving mood.

He had told her, as probably nobody else had ever dared, that she had no sense of humour, that she did not look the way he was looking and never could, that the things which meant life to her meant death to him.

He had told her, in words which could never be twisted into another meaning, that he did not, never would, love her.

Yes, a brutal letter. But he had nipped his lips and pushed it in the pillar-box and told himself it was the best thing to do.

And certainly no answer had ever come.

Miss Brenda never arrived, in a forgiving or other mood, at Stoke Newington. She went her way—presumably, for he never heard of her. He went his. And that was that.

APART from the edges, Walt's story wasn't much of a story. It was more like a diary with most of the pages blank. There were no cigars and nuts in it. Often there was no breakfast.

Job followed job, but they got worse instead of better. After a while he put his ambitions aside. Then he put them on a top shelf. Then he forgot where they were and never found them again.

Once, when he was thirtyish, he told himself he'd been a fool to send that very final letter to Miss Brenda. But he didn't tell himself twice. He didn't think about her more than once in every two or three years. There were other things to think about.

Things of no interest to you, but of great importance to him. Year after year, dingy lodging after dingy lodging, Clapham after Stoke Newington, Lambeth after Clapham. Blank page after blank page.

He was thirty, he was forty, he was at last so near fifty that it gave him a fright.

And then one day, when his cuffs were like an old man's whiskers and the heels of his boots were lower than the soles, he ran into Frisby in the Strand.

Ages and ages seemed to pass before Frisby knew Walt was Walt and before Walt knew Frisby was Frisby, but at last they were shaking hands and trying to think of something to say.

Frisby took him into a pub because there was a cold wind blowing.

"We all thought you were dead," he said. "Killed in the last war. That was the yarn, anyway."

"Do you still live at St. Hilda's?" Walt asked.

Yes, Frisby still lived at St. Hilda's. In town for a day or two, he explained.

"They'll be surprised when I say I've seen you. Why did you never come back?"

"People go back usually for one reason only," said Walt. "To show off their fur coat and their Rolls-Royce. Mine haven't arrived yet."

Frisby, with a glance at Walt's cuffs, nodded.

"Done better, maybe, to have stayed in the old village."

"Maybe," Walt agreed.

He asked about the people who had been in St. Hilda's in his young days. The vicar, the man who kept the "Rose," old Smith, Mrs. Brown, Miss Brenda. . . .

"Miss Brenda?" said Frisby. "Funny about her. Never hardly see her. Never hardly comes out. Sort of recluse. Love romance or something went wrong. We never got the rights and wrongs of it. Never knew what happened. But she's been pretty well invisible ever since. There's young people in the village who've never set eyes on her."

Walt, with a tingle, thought of his brutal letter and changed the subject. He even bought Frisby a drink, and Frisby noticed that a whispered conversation took the place of a cash payment.

"Chalked up," thought Frisby. "Must be pretty well known here."

And when he got back to St. Hilda's and told everybody about running into Walt—"as down and out as a man can be; must have been on the rocks for years"—he added that although he didn't know where Walt was living, unless it was a bench on the Embankment, he knew a pub where he was pretty sure Walt could be found at any time.

And that was the staggering story, with its sketchy ending, that came to the ears of Miss Brenda, old-looking, tired-looking, weird Miss Brenda, the strange woman who lived in seclusion at The Cedars; Miss Brenda, with whom mothers frightened their children when they would not do as they were told.

And for the first time in thirty years there was activity at The Cedars.

Frisby was sent for, to tell his story a dozen times.

And then old Carberry, who had been the family solicitor for longer than Miss Brenda had been on earth, was sent for, and Frisby's story and the name of the London pub were passed on to him.

And by candlelight, with old Carberry, puzzled, looking on, Miss Brenda made a new will.

And that night, with a look on her face such as those closest to her had not seen for thirty years, Miss Brenda died.

Leaving thirty thousand pounds to Walt.

Walt couldn't get over it, not after his letter to her.

"She *must* have loved me," he told himself again and again.

It's Up to Us to See and Hear

HUMAN MACHINE

● "There is a great consolation," said Hilaire Belloc in one of his essays, "lying all bottled and matured for those who choose to take it in the modern world—and yet how few turn to it and drink the bracing draught. It is a consolation for dust and frequency and fatigue and despair—this consolation is the Discovery of the World."

You see, there is literally no end to the world.

You can, if you care to go about with your eyes open, find something new wherever you go, no matter how familiar the place may be, no matter how much you may be bored with your surroundings, no matter how used you are to the things and people around you.

You have only to keep your eyes wide open, to observe as well as see, and you can exchange old things for new at every hour of the day.

Any child knows this.

We all knew it when we were children. In those days the world was a vast treasure cave of excitement and discovery and experience. Why should we be so foolish as to let this atmosphere fade and depart just because we grow older?

Dullness is something that happens to us—not to the world.

There are just as many new and exciting things around us as ever there were. If we don't find them, if we don't see them, it's because we don't bother. It's certainly not because they're not there.

And it is a mistake to think that you must travel in order to find and enjoy new things. You can find them in your own home, in your own garden.

You can see them if you turn down the first side street you come to the next time you go out.

"For there is good news yet to hear and fine things to be seen," sang Chesterton—but it's up to us to hear and to see.

We must keep open our eyes, our ears and our minds. Perhaps most of all our minds.

SHORT STORY
By WILL SCOTT

It was three weeks before he was aced through the pub in the Strand, atched (though he told nobody that) om a hole in the Thames, for he had ither money nor shabby lodging nor pe by that time, and at first he refused believe in the story they told.

But it was true enough, and one day, ne fifty years old, he went back to the llage he had last seen when he was enty. In a new suit. With a big new rcoat. With thirty thousand pounds tuck in the bank as soon as things re settled. With, so to speak, cigars d nuts.

There was nothing he could do for ss Brenda now.

He couldn't even tell her lies about his ther, to soften her last days. But they re selling up at The Cedars, and Walt, fter at fifty than he had been at enty, thought there might be some tle thing he could buy and bring away d keep . . . to remember her by.

"Damn funny finish to it all," he said he climbed up the worn stone steps.

There were lots of people about. He membered none of them, except, in a zy way, old Jos the postman, who was oking amazed on the bottom step.

Simmy of the *West Country Herald*, er to report the sale and standing by aiting for something to start, he had ver heard of.

"Now what do I do about this?" asked d Jos, holding out a letter addressed Miss Brenda.

Walt didn't know and said so.

"Unless you let the solicitors——"

"I mean look at the postmark," said d Jos.

Simmy of the *West Country Herald*, e go-getter, began to shove his nose in.

"Postmark?"

"Well, look at it," said old Jos.

They all looked.

Walt saw the writing, the old faded riting, *his* writing, and suddenly he inked.

UT Simmy, the go-getter, seeing what was in front of his nose, pulled out his pinch of salt and ot busy.

And in some of the London dailies ext morning you might have seen this, cked away in the "Other News" rner on the back page.

"*Posted in Stoke Newington in 1913, a tter was delivered yesterday at St. ilda's in Devon.*"

Crossing the Bar

SOME sorrows are far too sacred
to ever try to erase, some
wounds too wide in our hearts,
some lines too deep in our face.
Some loneliness cannot be filled,
some tears can never be cried, and
these things happen to all of us
when a dear one we love has died.

There's some anguish far too acute
for the scars to ever fade, some
wounds that naught but life's cross
such dark imprints could have
made. Some memories rainbowed
with hope that they'll never pass
out of our mind, and to those of
us who have lost someone, all these
things death has underlined.

BUT though we sorrow and grieve
and our loneliness is so great,
faith in our dear one's happiness
helps us to pray and to wait. For
sorrow's a sacred badge which we
wear in our silent pride. It's a
bond between all whose dear ones
have gone across to the other side.

J. M.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Making Hay While the Tankers Fight

PAY of a man on a tanker—including his war time danger money—is £24 a month.

It is pertinent to ask what happens to the petrol these gallant fellows bring to this country at grave peril to their lives.

It could go to Llandudno, where it was said recently that some of the local taxicab drivers were charging 6s. and even 7s. 6d. a mile.

It could go to Slough, from where it was reported recently that drivers were turning blind eyes to queues of fifty or more people and calling at hotels to fill up with passengers all paying full fare.

Highway Robbery

It could go to London, one of whose Old Bailey official court reporters has the following in his notebook:

Counsel: Is it unusual for a taxicab driver to be paid £6 for an all-day job?

Witness (a taxicab driver): It is not unusual. Every day, somewhere, some cabman is getting an extraordinarily good job.

Or it could go to one of scores of towns particularly in the neighbourhood of big camps of U.S. soldiers—where single cabs are netting as much as £30 and even £40 a week.

The time has come to be thoroughly outspoken about taxicab profiteering. It is assuming alarming proportions.

To be fair, we've still got with us many thousands of the decent, honest cabbies who'd rather give you a free lift than rob you of a ha'penny.

But the "bad hats" are so many, and are carrying on their highway robbery on such a vast scale, that they are besmirching the fair name of Britain in every part of the world where there are families reading letters from their soldier sons and husbands here.

Black Market Petrol

Let me tell you what has been happening in a seaside town which has a number of big U.S. and other army camps near it, for which reason I am not allowed to mention its name.

Drivers in that town get sufficient petrol to carry them about 400 miles a week.

One of the leading cab-owning firms there used to check the meters of its cabs every night.

To-day it says to its drivers: "Come to our offices every Friday night and pay us £12, and we'll ask no questions about you, your cab, your meter or anything else."

The men do so.

One of the drivers admitted to me that, after handing over the £12 and maintaining his home, he has managed to bank an average of £24 a week over the last eight months.

Average takings, he says, are from £42 to £45 a week per cab.

Now there are people who pretend there is no such thing as a profiteering taxicab driver.

They say: "Even if you treat the 1s. or 1s. 6d. a mile paid for a taxicab as all profit, how could you make from £42 to £45 a week when your petrol will only take you from 400 to 500 miles?"

No mention of the fact that many authorities impose a minimum charge for trips within their borough boundaries but have no interest whatsoever in prices outside their confines.

So that flags go up again as soon as the town is left behind, and passengers can be held up to the most savage ransom.

No mention of the fact that cabs are often crammed full of passengers, who are usually asked to pay as much for the trip as if they were travelling alone.

And certainly no mention of the most important fact of all—that the richest grist in the profiteering taxidrivers' mill results from black market petrol.

That's where the drivers of that particular seaside town I mentioned are lucky.

Near them is a big arterial road. Down that road come hundreds of honest lorry-drivers—but also a few who are not quite so honest.

They know how to scrounge a few extra gallons of petrol for each trip, not always difficult when you are driving a monster vehicle with a gigantic thirst.

We've still got many thousands of honest cabbies

And that petrol is sold to taxidrivers at anything from 4s. to 6s. a gallon.

If the two parties to this swindle ever stopped to think of the story behind every gallon of petrol they handle, they might decide to go through this war with cleaner hands.

But they don't.

The situation in the bigger cities—particularly London—differs from that over most of the remainder of the country.

The so-called "surplus" petrol which cheating lorry drivers can spare is a mere drop in the ocean where a vast city is concerned.

Always Eating

Furthermore, the transfer of petrol from one tank to another—even where an illicit petrol dump intervenes—is not so easy in a big, built-up area.

So the profiteering city driver has to make his big money out of the small petrol rations available to him—three gallons a day in the case of London.

He has many ways of doing it.

One of the most astonishing phenomena of London life at the moment is the taxidriver who is always eating.

It is almost impossible to hire him unless you tear him away from his food.

If he knows you as a man who is prepared to pay "over the odds," you can have the telephone number of the place where he eats—and there are many such places.

You ring. You say where you want to go He names his price. You reel, but you manage to recover yourself—and the bargain is struck.

Typical fares charged recently by such drivers: A £2 fare for a 12s. ride. A £1 tip over and above the amount on the clock (distance, 7 miles). And for a journey to a place just outside the northern boundary of London, three times the clocked fare.

There's hardly a taxi user in London who isn't aware of the existence of these black market queues.

Then London, like many other towns, has its drivers who charge every passenger full fare no matter how many people have been induced to share a cab.

If this article were devoted to the decent fellows who drive cabs in every part of the country it could be filled with examples of their generosity and kindness to stranded people—particularly Servicemen.

It isn't, but it is just as surely directed to their interests. For the worst victims of taxidriving rapacity are these men to whom petrol rationing means lower earnings but who, nevertheless, refuse to take part in one of the worst profiteering rackets of World War No. 2.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. L. Hirst, The Cottage, Shamford, Leicester, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Information is welcomed about any suspected scandal or ramp. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93/4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Rents Raised by Bombs and a Ministry

IF you remain tenant of a small house occupied by you when the war broke out you are protected against any material rent increase.

The Ministry of Health stands over you like a modern St. George, fending off any dragon in the guise of a profiteering landlord.

It would be nice, therefore, to feel that the Ministry of Health is itself genuinely on your side.

* * *

The Ministry of Health has given local authorities powers to requisition property to house people rendered homeless by air raids.

It was announced that the homeless would get this accommodation at rents not exceeding those paid for their destroyed homes, and that any loss would fall on the Ministry.

Now the Ministry of Health doesn't like incurring such losses.

So it spurs local authorities to keep increasing the rents until they represent twice as much as people used to pay—and even more.

For instance, Mrs. M. C., bombed out of a 13s. 3d. a week house and given two rooms for 13s. 3d., has had her rent raised to £1, then 22s., and now told that increases will continue until she is paying 37s. a week.

And Mrs. F. W., who used to pay 8s. 1d., was at first given new accommodation at 8s. 1d., later paid 15s., and was actually being asked to pay 35s. 5d. when an agreement was made to accept 28s.

We have other cases. And evidence that local authorities hate to be the Shylocks of the Ministry of Health in this matter.

We understand the Rent Restrictions Acts don't apply to the Ministry of Health. What a terrible pity it is that they should take advantage of the fact.

Native Warriors of the Eighth Army

IN the mountains of Cassino, fierce native tribesmen are finding a foe and a battlefield after their own heart.

To fight side by side with Britons and Americans, to revive the old traditions of France's colonial army, they come from hill and gorge, desert and jungle, from Massif and the Sahara.

Most of them are Berbers and Goums. And ever since Allied forces landed in Algeria they have been streaming in on horses, camels, mules and donkeys to enlist.

A race apart, neither Arab nor Negro. Perhaps the oldest North African race, with complexions ranging from white to dark brown.

PAGANS AT HEART

No invaders have altered their way of life—or tamed them.

The ruts of Roman chariot wheels, still visible in some of their towns and villages, bear witness to stout guerilla action against the Roman legions. In turn, Vandals, Turks, Arabs and French have all failed to vanquish them.

What, then, attracts them to the Allied Standard? The pay? Perhaps; but with their warrior past, it must be mainly the not-to-be-missed chance of a first-class scrap.

Pagans at heart, reticent, mysterious, the very name of this virile race of a good 4,000,000 means "alien." For centuries Berbers acted as aloof, independent middlemen between the Mediterranean coast and the Negro peoples of the interior.

Picture Algiers when it was an old Corsair stronghold, terror of the civilised world:

The grim, massive walls of its white buildings studded with iron hooks on which hung tortured Christians captured on the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

The lordly towers and gates and lovely fountains, and bordering the shore the sumptuous dwellings of successful pirates.

The Badistan, where white captives were paraded naked for sale by auction, and the squat, grey barracks of the Corsair rank and file.

Such was Algiers in the past.

Berber traders cut avidly into these rich Barbary Coast harvests, selling their figs and dates and apricots, then departing with slaves and trinkets and other pirate booty to return deep into the interior where strangers seldom came.

Most of the Berber strongholds and settlements are still in and near the mountains, where they spend the hot season, returning to the lower reaches when it gets cooler. There they raise corn, apricots, figs, tomatoes, olives, nuts and pomegranates.

Finally, the tribesmen go off to the oases to gather their crops of dates; every North African native likes to own two or three date palms in the desert.

You may talk of Puritans and Presbyterians, but I doubt if there is any religious sect governed by rules so rigid as those of the Berbers, and the strictest of all are the Mzabs or Mozabites.

Smoking and liquor are taboo, and no strangers may remain among them after nightfall.

All the same, there is at least one tribe whose girls have lately earned a bad reputation, mainly for the freedom of their dances.

Yet, when I saw them, there seemed to me a wealth of graceful mimicry and exotic art in the passionate movements of these Berber geisha girls, who desert their villages to sing and dance in the towns.

When she earns enough ornaments she'll settle down to be a model wife

As she wears most of her savings to embellish her headdress and necklaces, you can measure the success of a Berber geisha by the number of coins she wears. When she is rich enough, back she goes to her native village, weds a Mozabite and settles down to be a model wife.

This is the only departure from the otherwise Puritan-strict code of a tribe whose women all scorn the veil.

Tuareg Berbers go to the opposite extreme, the men covering their faces, women leaving them bare.

Yet Tuaregs are one of the wildest tribes in Algeria—a desert clan, the men of the mountains being the Kabyles, the oldest and purest Berber race, from which sprang the famous Zouave warriors.

Every Kabyle village, accessible only by secret approaches, its dwellings cut from the living rock in the towering walls of gorges and ravines, is an autonomous republic with the most remarkable brand of collective ownership in the world.

Often one piece of mountain land belongs to one man, its trees to another. Even an individual tree may have joint ownership, different branches belonging to different persons.

One of the few remaining races to do so, Berbers still settle disputes by blood feuds and professional assassins.

Medicine men, animal sacrifice, blood charms, incantations, and a score of other pagan rites still form the basis of Berber family and religious life.

PRICE OF WIVES IS UP!

French law strictly forbids it, yet every man owns a musket, besides the more fashionable knife. He hides it in the wall of his house or under the dung floor, for it has some cherished uses. When, for instance, a volley is fired to celebrate a wedding or the birth of a boy instead of a girl.

Frequently the younger braves migrate to the towns, where there are usually jobs to be had for the asking.

To-day there is the twin attraction—work and fighting. The fighting will probably hold the adventurous until the war in the Mediterranean is over. Otherwise the bulk of them would return to their villages as soon as they had earned enough money to buy their brides.

Like everything else, the price of wives has gone up, and to-day few bonnie Berber belles can be had below £20.

CAPT. MARTIN THORNHILL, M.C.

Who Invented Roundabouts?

FOR no reason at all I was thinking about roundabouts the other night. The jolly coloured things that used to go round and round on fairgrounds and in Children's Corners on beaches before the war. And before many a war, too. Before the Crimean war, I should think.

And that made me wonder when roundabouts started, and who invented them.

I have since asked people and they don't know. I have looked in my encyclopædia and it isn't there.

Which is the way one thing leads to another, because I am now beginning to realise that there are a lot of things which aren't in my encyclopædia.

★ ★ ★

The inventor of Lord Mayors' chains, the first man to eat a mushroom, the names of the Six Hundred in the Charge of the Light Brigade, the discoverer of the colour purple, and so on.

A book containing all, and not just special bits, would be so heavy you'd never get it off the shelves of the British Museum. In fact, you'd never get it into the British Museum.

Man has done and thought of and said so many things that there just isn't room for it all in a book. There isn't room for it in any kind of record. Therefore, if it can't be kept in one record it can't be kept in one head.

Nobody can know it all. So that obviously the wisest man on earth is a man who knows nothing whatever about a whole lot of things.

And knowing that at least I shan't be half as scared by wise men in the future as I have been in the past.

★ ★ ★

The wise man may know a lot of things that I don't know, but I realise that there are a lot of things I know which the wise man doesn't.

If a wise man looks at me through his whiskers and says sternly: "Tell me, if you can, the differential reaction of the subconscious urge of the eastern end of a disintegrated atom towards the line of repose of .5 of invisible matter expressed in primary colours," I shall not blush and run as I have done in the past and wish I'd gone to school instead of playing Murderers and Police behind the gasworks.

I shall simply say: "Yes, Father William, that's all very well, but *you* tell *me* what Gladstone said in 1883."

And I'll bet he won't be able to.

No man ever did or ever will know it all.

Unfortunately every now and then some jolly chap pops up and says he *does* know it all. And the sad thing is that there are always plenty of fatheads ready to believe him.

And that's when the fun starts.

A. G.

Voice

"BURMA'S no place for a "cush time," as Sgm. G. Sullivan writes to his family at Pon teenewydd, Mon:

There are two large maps of t Russian front on our office wall. soon as news comes in, little flags moved to show the heartening prog of the Russians.

A newspaper from home describes boys on the Burma front as living fish and chips, travelling in strea lined trains, and generally having good time.

Well, the lads here have "had som and they are furious about this n sense.

The staple foods here are "bull dehydrated "spuds" and soya bea Even if you like "bully," several mont of it as the main item of your me do in time rather blunt the edge your appetite.

Don't think that we are grousin far from it! We are a cheerful cro until somebody back home descri what a good time we are having.

For your information, I am member of the 14th Army station somewhere on the Burma front. H you read anything in the papers ab the 14th Army? If not, you soon Things are moving, and we out h have a job to do.

"JERRY" GOES DOWN

A thrill when landing in Italy reported by Pte. H. Whitehead to hi brother who is serving with th Home Forces:

Everybody was in good spirits as neared the coast, as if we were on training exercise.

That afternoon three "Jerry" figh planes came along to welcome us the air was soon full of flak.

One of them dived straight at ship, while the naval gunners wor overtime pumping shells at it.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● Bombed towns are suffering he financial loss because rates are paid on empty and damaged shops. Hull has already lost £750,000 in respect, and the current rate is 20s. the £. Clearly the State must come the aid of the bombed towns, so that shall share the cost.—C. Willia Hessle Road, Hull.

* * *

Seeing a small sponge in a sh window, I asked the price and almo fainted when told it was 30s. Is t profiteering?—Mrs. W. Andrews, Lond

* * *

All tram and bus conductors sho be instructed to call out the names stopping places, especially during black-out.—H. Jones, Beulah Hill, S.E.

* * *

At a fairground I counted fourte young men of military age in charge slot machines and other "attraction What about it, Mr. Bevin?"—Gunne South England.

* * *

Almost every E.N.S.A. show featu "low" comedians whose only claim fame is the "blueness" of their jo The idea of those who run the sh seems to be that when a man d uniform, his mind is degraded. Wha revelation was the terrific applau which greeted the Hallé Orchestra wh it gave a show at an R.A.F. station Lancashire!—"R.A.F.," Lancs.

...f the Troops

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

...ine was only fifty ... away when it sud... took a neat dive ...he sea.

...ther went whistling ... into the water, a ... plume of smoke, ...ing its last trail.

...er, more enemy ...rs came up, but ...coring of our gunners ...so good that they ...d off and left us in ... until the "Jerry" ... batteries began to ... notice of us. How... we landed with very ... trouble.

... Reaching the road, ...rmed up in platoons ... marched into the ...n. Italian civilians ... the road, shouting: ...lisi soldati, bono! ... roughly translated ...s: "English soldiers, good!"

...bit flattering, but I ... they were right.

Even a broken jaw doesn't depress him

Wounded and in Base Hospital, Naples, Cpl. W. Giles, Armoured Brigade, tells how he got his "packet" in a letter to a friend at Trinity Street, Dorchester:

It might have been a lot worse, but here's how I got my little "packet." A party of us set out to surprise an enemy outpost, which was making things uncomfortable for our right flank. We were crawling slowly through the thick mud at night, and had reached a position so close to the outpost that we could hear the "Jerries" talking.

It was at that moment that my groping hand struck a long, sharp thorn buried in the mud. As it penetrated my hand the pain was so acute that I almost unconsciously let out a short yelp of pain.

That did it! "Jerry" at once let rip with a machine-gun in my direction. A bullet tore through my jaw, and before I had time to look round I was "out," as clean as a champion heavyweight in the first round of a big fight. I must have lain there for some time, because when I came to, everything was very quiet.

I figured out my bearings and started to crawl back to our lines. This was a slow business as I was not feeling too good. . . . Daylight was breaking when I was challenged by one of our own sentries, and owing to my smashed jaw I was unable to give the usual answer demanded in such circumstances.

Happily the sentry was a man of good judgment, and did not take a pot shot at me. . . . Help was soon forthcoming, although I have no clear recollection of the journey to hospital.

The doctors have made a wonderful job of my jaw, and I hope to be O.K. in a few weeks, when I hope to repay "Jerry" for my "packet," with a little interest added.

I cannot stop to write more as dinner is now ready, and boy, I am ready for it! This eagerness is due to the fact that for several weeks I could take nothing but "slops," and have some leeway to make up. Now, I can eat with the greatest of ease, and it's fine to hear the call for dinner.

SIDE SHOW

...irst Radio Officer D. M. Devaney, ...rchant Navy, visits Calcutta and ...s a fakir, whom he describes in a ...ter to his mother at Kathleen ...reet, Hull:

...sterday I saw a crowd of Indians ...ered in the Park, so I went to in...gate and found a fakir giving a ...

...n the ground was a boy with his face ...ed by a cloth. Weird music was ...d and the boy began to grovel in ...dust.

...e fakir then knelt near the boy, ... picking up a nasty looking knife, ...a little surgery on the boy.

...e crowd got wildly excited and ...d as the boy's tongue was ...rently cut out and red stuff came ... his mouth. The fakir then ...ded round the ring of people ex...ing what was said to be the human ...ue!

...oney was thrown in the ring when. ...promised to replace the tongue ...re it belonged. This was done to the ...d of music and chanting, and the ... bowing to the audience, seemed as ... as new.

...e thrills for me in this nonsense, but ...crowd loved it!

BACHELOR BULLS

Stationed in the Azores, L.A.C. ...C. Boulter, R.A.F., goes to a bull-...ht but is not impressed. He writes ... his wife at Woburn Sands, ...letchley, Bucks:

...Portuguese bull-fight is by no means ...cruel as its Spanish counterpart, ...ough the baiting idea is still there. ... rather curious ending to the fight is ...n a cow is placed near the exit gate ...he arena to lure the bull out of the ... Often the bull prefers to fight ...

... Portugal the bull is never killed, ... he is naturally annoyed when the ...adors' darts penetrate his flesh. ... my idea of sport!

...he horns of the bull are padded so ... there is less chance of the torea... being seriously hurt. This natur... cramps the style of the bull.

YOUNG THINKERS AND OLD PROBLEMS

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

A YOUNG man of eighteen is greatly perturbed because he fears that religion is dying or dead.

I try to be a Christian, he says, because I believe that Christian principles are the only basis of world peace. But my friends scoff at my ideas and I feel very disheartened. I know that many of the things they say about the Churches' failure are only too true.

Unless something happens soon, the end of our religion is inevitable.

What do you think? Has the Church really failed? Can its failure be remedied in time? Ought there to be another great spiritual revival? Ought the many sects to unite in a common purpose? Ought the Church to tackle modern problems?

There is so much praying and so little action. Can you help me, Humanist? The Churches can't.

I wish I had space to deal with all those questions separately, but it can't be done. I strongly recommend the young man to read a book entitled "God and Human Progress," by John Hadham. It appeared in the Pelican series (price 9d.) only this year.

The argument in this book is that we have seen the rise and fall of one Christian civilisation and are now at the critical period in which a second is waiting to be born.

In earlier religious revivals, people were mainly concerned with the salvation of their souls.

The Day of Judgment was a prospect which terrified them. Preachers warned them about the wrath to come. The choice was between heaven and hell.

Pattern of Life

One hears little of such preaching to-day. More thought is directed to social conditions, injustice, cruelty, and the whole system in which we have to live.

A great many of the younger clergy are proclaiming the need for radical reforms.

If all the different denominations would forget their ancient quarrels and combine to fight against what they see to be wrong, there would be a revival of church-going.

But if they ignore this great purpose and pay no heed to modern problems, the young man's fears will be realised. A living faith, like every other living thing, must adjust itself to the times—or perish!

True religion cannot be confined to Sunday worship. The Christian must practise it in business from Monday to Saturday. Otherwise it is as useless as the musical banks in "Erehwon."

A young woman is worried about the ways of Providence.

This problem is continually before us, she writes, **especially during total war when casualties occur in seemingly haphazard fashion.**

What is the pattern of human life that causes one to be stricken down and another to escape untouched?

I work in a religious institution which is flourishing. We are kept safe and well while people around us are being killed, mutilated, or rendered homeless. We thank God for our safety, but our attitude makes me angry. People who talk like this are selfishly blind to the sufferings of their fellows.

Yet in my heart I feel sure that things are not as haphazard as they look—that somewhere there is a gigantic plan into which we all fit like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, and that the whole meaning will be made clear when we see the completed picture.

But not all young people in uniform have forsaken the Church

What do you think? Is the world ruled by a dread monster that snatches a victim here and another there? Or does the Good Lord shield His chosen people with His Almighty arm?"

At the risk of offending a great many virtuous people, I can't bring myself to believe that last idea. I am sure that thousands of thoroughly good men and women have suffered badly and that many of the "sinners" have come off scot-free!

The notion that bullets and bombs should be directed to "wicked" and steered away from the devout is just unthinkable.

When a high-explosive missed my house recently I was thankful, but could I thank heaven that it caught my neighbour's? He was probably a better man than I am.

That explanation about the ways of Providence being like a jigsaw picture is consoling.

I have heard others equally good. One of them compared human life to a tapestry seen on the wrong side. It looks meaningless jumble with all sorts of odds and ends, but from the front it is a lovely design.

Work is a Healer

Another (much older) is that "now we see through a glass darkly. . . ."

In April, 1943, I lost my fiancé, who was killed while flying over Germany, says another reader. **There is no need to tell you how I felt it. We were very much in love and so very happy in preparing our future home.**

He meant everything to me, and now he is gone I cannot take interest in anything. My doctor says that if I don't find some interest I shall have a nervous breakdown.

She goes on to ask whether I think the idea of making a pen friend is a good one.

Frankly, I don't think it would help her. She needs the stimulus of real friends with whom she can mix and talk. I have the deepest sympathy for her in her sad loss, but if she has had a whole year of solitude, I advise her to make a great effort to live a normal life.

Work is the best anodyne for a sorrow like that. Let her do what her fiancé would want her to do in the circumstances.

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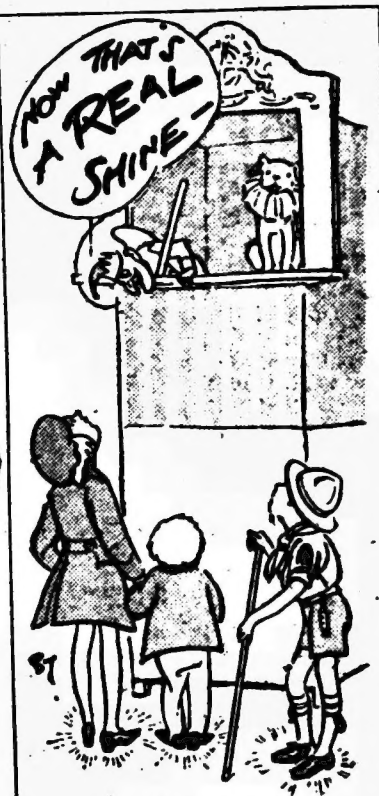

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LAST LAUGH

T. T. (Cambridge). — "An American animal trainer claims that he has taught a dog to read and do simple sums." Many snakes are natural adders, rabbits are well known for their multiplication and in another branch of zoological education we have spelling bees.

R T (Taunton).—"The end of the Old School Tie is in sight." It shouldn't be. If the wearer has no waistcoat he should tuck the end in his shirt.

A. C. (Dorking).—"I have a cook who bakes excellent cakes and pastry, but her stews give me indigestion." Try bicarbonate of soda. That will settle her hash.

E. L. (Leeds).—"A London firm carries on in a basement." A commercial traveller thrown upstairs and emerging neatly through the manhole cover explained that he recently had appeared in pantomime as the Demon King.

A. E. (Carlisle).—"They say that every time Hitler gets bad news from the front, he punches his head with his fists." Probably trying to knock some sense into it.

F. K. (Acton).—"I was in a 'bus queue which was entertained by a singer, a piano accordionist, a reciter, a ukelele player and a juggler but there was only one collection." Somebody's benefit night, we suppose.

E. L. (Leeds).—"It is not advisable to use a stirrup-pump to spray vegetables." And in the best horticultural circles it is not considered cricket to use this appliance for marrow inflation.

F. N. (Norwich).—"For years I have suffered from cold feet at night." Your own?

E. K. (Exeter).—"As far as the war effort is concerned, agricultural labourers in their green battledress are more important than the City worker." *His* green battledress is really his old blue serge suit.

D. H. (Highgate).—"In connection with the proposed rationing of domestic servants, it is pointed out that many charwomen are cooks." Yes, and many cooks char.

S. N. (Hatfield).—"Regarding the toothbrush shortage, it is stated that the main difficulty is obtaining bristles." The same problem faces the young subaltern who wants to achieve a Stalin moustache.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"See the enemy is back again in the lobby of that Cassino Hotel, buddy. They're pushin' on now towards the reception desk!"

Side-Slips

WESTERN EVENING HERALD:—"Jagged PRICES of glass from broken bottles . . ."

CLYDEBANK PRESS:—"Her husband was a MACHINE, but she did not know his wages . . ."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"After seven days they got their first rations—one messkit of RACE and a tin of sardines."

LONDON EVENING NEWS:—". . . WET the enemy terror with determination . . ."

YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS:—"The roar of the 'planes leaving these SHOES at a later hour . . ."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Discovered crouching under the COUNTRY, a thirteen-year-old girl . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Bad luck. Yes, we've all had patches of it. But to know just how bad it can be we had better stop being sorry for ourselves and think of Mr. and Mrs. Cowgill.

Their baby girl, just a month old, was kidnapped from her pram outside Manchester Town Hall. That was in the middle of February—and though the distracted mother is sure the baby is still alive, it has not yet been traced.

A little while before, when Mrs. Cowgill was in hospital, someone entered the house and rifled the gas meter of £2 1s. 9d.

Then the three-year-old Arthur threw the family's ration books on the fire—and it was to get new ones that Mrs. Cowgill wheeled her baby to the Town Hall on that disastrous day.

There's another son, too—and a daughter aged four. They need feeding, but young Mr. Cowgill is more often than not away from work because of neurasthenia—a result of his war service.

Besides, he owes £9 14s. to a hospital for the care of his children. So you will not find much furniture in the Cowgill house at Chorlton-on-Medlock.

Please help us to lessen the hardships of this family and others whose plight is no less grievous!

In other words, please send a donation to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund*, Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking your envelope "War Sufferers." All sums are pooled and allocated at the discretion of the committee.

We'll gladly acknowledge if you send name and address, though anonymous donations are equally welcome—and the administrative costs are borne by JOHN BULL.

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£4: F. E. Winter, 13, Tarleton Rd., Hanley, S.O.T. Staffs.
Marching To Victory—And *Afterwards* "Smiling Faces"?

£3: W. T. J. Crowell, 37, Wellington Rd., Hampton Hill, Middx.
After The Blitz—Yawning Excusable—Gaping Not.

£2: F. de Groot, Ramona, Combe Down, Bath.
Something To Marvel At—Rations We *Grow* At

OVER £300 CASH

NEXT PAGE

8 Prizes of 20s.:
Miss E. Ibertson, 62, Hamilton Rd., Firth Park, Sheffield.
Silkstone Round His Neck—Wouldn't Surprise Infantry Soldier!
Mrs. Bennett, Portland.
Our Children—Plain—Now *Time* Flies!
W. Rouse, 22, Carrington Rd., Bloxwich.
Shook Their Heads—Hitler *Agreed* With Gerard's Water, Water Everywhere, But—Luckily—Flat Below *Plumber's!*
W. Middleton, 46, Prospect Place, Doncaster.
Something To Marvel At—Radio? Grandma's *Husband!*
W. Wilcox, 43, Reed St., South Shields.
Would Be Welcomed—*Building* "Land" Liberated Peo.
A list of 35 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices: £1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

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Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 6 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above. 2nd Runners-up Awards for 266 entrants with FIRST TWO.
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Cork.
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They are really "the thing," and I recommend them to fellow night workers. (Sgd.) G. D.

Lincoln.
28th December, 1943.

Dear Sirs,

Friends, do not suffer, just keep yourself right with taking tablets called Yeast-Vite. *(Sgd.) T. S.*

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 or 3/3 size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your Chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock; he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/4 and 3/3 sizes (including purchase tax).

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I buy some 'National Growmore Fertiliser' (which is made to a Ministry of Agriculture formula), or some other good general fertiliser.

I rake it into the prepared ground, at the rate of 1 lb. to every 10 sq. yds.—or as instructed by the makers.

I do this job several days before sowing, so that my crops will get a good start.

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Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below—the result is a *Bullet* which can bring you that £200 First Prize.

For instance, to the recent *Example* GOOD ADVICE, a Glasgow reader won First Prize by adding the simple but telling words, LEARN TO "TAKE IT"! Further guidance on how to make a £200 *Bullet* awaits you in the winning list on page 14.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

BATTLE OF GIANTS
HALF THE WORLD
PEACE PICTURE
THE RISING SUN
MAD ENGLISHMAN
TO-MORROW'S DINNER
WINSTON AND FATHER
OVER HERE
WHEN TOMMY COMES HOME
THE HOUSING PROBLEM
DISPELLED ALL DOUBT
WARNING NOTE
FLOWER OF MANHOOD
MOVING IN
OBVIOUS TO EVERYBODY

THINKING OF HER
IN THE MOONLIGHT
NOBODY CARES, SO
WITH SPEED AND VIGOUR
THANKS TO HITLER

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

MAN WE .....
WOKE UP THE .....
CALLED A .....
WHENEVER HE .....
NICE FOR .....
QUICK WAY TO .....

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 3d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated May 13, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated May 6. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
"BULLETS" No. 1,423

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, APRIL 24

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,423—"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

KODAK FILM
Is in the Factories helping to increase efficiency

By photographing the path traced by a lamp fixed to a worker's wrist, a record is obtained of all movements made to complete a job. Such pictures often show how operations can be speeded and fatigue decreased. The countless uses of photography in industry to-day consume vast quantities of 'Kodak' Film. If you have difficulty in buying a spool, please remember it is because such vital work must come first.

Kodak Limited, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 F14. D

THIS WILL MAKE YOUR FOOTWEAR LAST MUCH LONGER

Solitaire Sole Leather Dressing is of vital importance in these days of poor quality leather and difficulty over shoe repairs. Feeds and nourishes sole leather so that its life is lengthened many times over, and renders it soft, pliable and impervious to wet. Not messy. No foot marks. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Price 1/- per bottle,
from Shoe Shops, Stores and Grocers

Manufactured by:
FURMOTO CHEMICAL Co.,
1-3, Brixton Road, London, S.W.9

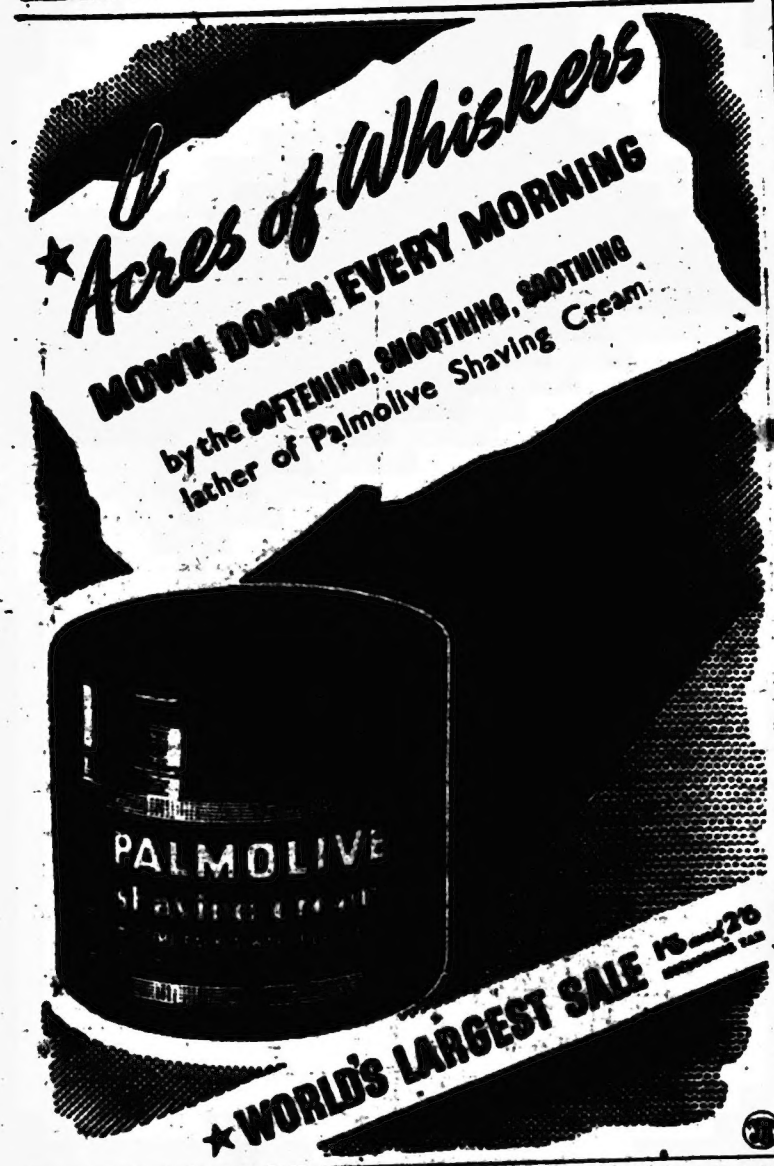
SOLITAIRE
SOLE LEATHER DRESSING

When you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to servicemen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives on land and sea.

Large quantities of Horlicks also go to hospitals, vital war factories and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS


4 Acres of Whiskers
MOWN DOWN EVERY MORNING
by the SOFTENING, SMOOTHING, SOOTHING lather of Palmolive Shaving Cream
PALMOLIVE
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE

There's nothing so wearying as constant Head-aches

Don't put up with a headache for longer than you can help. Get some Phensic and relieve it quickly and safely. The marvellous way in which Phensic soothes the nerves, restores ability to work, stimulates mental effort is known to thousands of war workers. Two sizes: 1/4 and 2/3 inc. Pur. Tax.

Quickly! take some

Phensic

A PROBLEM with PETER
I DIDN'T SEE YOU WITH PETER AT THE CLINIC LAST WEEK
BUT I HADN'T TIME — I WAS ALL MORNING BOILING THE WASH!
OF COURSE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET THINGS CLEAN
NEXT WEEK
SEE — JUST POP THEM INTO RINSO SUDS. SOAK FOR 15 MINUTES. WASH THROUGH AND RINSE
THANKS! I'M GLAD I'VE END WASHING PROBLEM NOW
WARTIME METHOD:
THE WATER
AND THE
RINSE

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder
3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons

R. S. Hudson Limited

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